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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Horns of Death

BELMONTE, THE MATADOR. By Henry Baerlein. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN the year 1915, in April, in Holy Week, when the thoughts and emotions of almost all the western world were fixed upon the deadlocked armies that faced each other from Switzerland to the sea; in that April, in that week immediately preceding the awful carnage of Gallipoli, the thoughts and emotions of all Spain were fiercely concentrated upon the plaza de toros in Seville, where two young men were waging a four-day battle to determine which of them should emerge as the undisputed monarch among matadors. Joselito and Belmonte. Belmonte and Joselito. How should the order run? That was the burning question; and, in the face of it, how could any good *aficionado* spare time for contemplation of a mere world war?

Within five years, one of these young men, having killed one thousand five hundred and fifty-seven bulls, would himself lie dead, caught by the horns of the black Ortega bull, *Baliador*, in the obscure plaza of Talavera de la Reina. Within another five years, after unparalleled successes in Spain, Peru, and Mexico, and after a temporary retirement from the ring, the other young man's performance would prove so far below his already legendary best that a witty critic would be writing an article entitled, "Excursion to the Ruins of Belmonte." Still two years more and, in 1927, Belmonte would be treading the heights again, while magniloquent journalists ransacked their vocabularies for golden and resounding words that might do justice to the art of Blessed Juan the Dominator, Saint Juan of Triana, Saint Juan of the Revelation,—to the tragic art of the unique and phenomenal Juan Belmonte. But the years brought no answer to the old question: Joselito or Belmonte? Which was the greater? One camp of aficionados might shout the name of Juan with all its lungs; but there remained another camp, of which old Guerrita was the spokesman, who clung to its faith in Joselito as the perfect, the incomparable matador.

Mr. Baerlein has written his impressionistic and discursive life of Juan Belmonte without definitely committing himself to one side or the other of this ancient quarrel. Whatever the comparative merits of their performances, technically considered, it is enough for the biographer's purpose that Belmonte was and is unquestionably the more fascinating of the two men. More fascinating as a personality and as an artist. Physically Joselito had everything, and Belmonte nothing. The one was a triumph of nature; the other, apparently, a triumph over nature. The one, with his perfect physique and his smiling confidence, made all that he did look easy; the other, with his feeble and bandy legs, and his jutting chin sunk against his chest, made all that he did look miraculous. Joselito planted his own banderillas with agile grace, while Belmonte was compelled by physical unfitness to relegate this beautiful work to an assistant. Joselito "gave emotion" (in the phrase that no writer on bull-fighting can avoid), but competent witnesses agree that the emotional experience of the spectator of Belmonte's dance of death transcended all other experiences of similar

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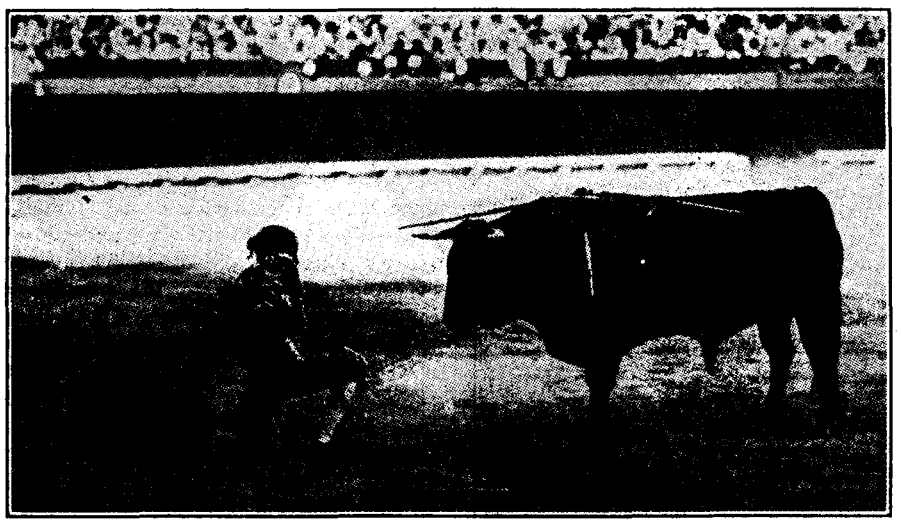

BELMONTE CHALLENGES THE BULL TO CHARGE
From "Belmonte, The Matador," by Henry Baerlein.

Apocalyptic Literature

BY ELMER DAVIS

ALL Europe seems to be looking forward, with various emotions, to the next war, asking not if it will come, but only when. In the face of that universal expectation it might be supposed that the artists of Europe would be wondering what will follow the next war, especially as in all likelihood it will be ruinous as no war has been since the devastations of Tamerlane. But only in England are there the beginnings of a modern apocalyptic literature, dealing with the sequel to that great and terrible day when men shall drink the wine of the wrath of God.

Books about the next war have been common enough in Europe ever since Sir George T. Chesney published "The Battle of Dorking" in *Blackwood's* in 1871. That prototype of all "preparedness literature" did indeed deal with the consequences, but only as they affected a single nation; those being the happy days when the immediate consequences of a war were usually, in appearance at least, confined to victors and vanquished. England, defeated by the Germans, lost her preëminence, her position, ultimately most of her empire; but no war imaginable in those days could have meant the fall of civilization for the simple reason that the weapons of the seventies were inadequate to the destruction of society. Chesney's purpose, so far as I know, was an honest one; believing that England was not equipped for a possible war with Germany, he tried to rouse a sentiment for national defense. But sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; in the next forty years there were written dozens of romances about the next war showing how England or France was overthrown by Germany, or Germany by England or France, because of inadequate preparedness.

Most of these books were probably the product of mixed motives—the genuine apprehensions of a patriot; in some cases no doubt the interests of men who could make money out of national defense; sometimes—particularly in the books written by Danes, Swedes, Dutchmen, whose own countries were unlikely to be seriously involved—an impulse to further certain political ideas; sometimes a purely technical interest in the progress of military science; and often enough mere sensationalism for profit. (The first and last of these elements, combined in varying proportion, accounted for most of the invasion stories written in the United States in 1915 and 1916.) But all these were primarily romances of the next war, its military operations and its political consequences; none of them, so far as I know, envisaged as the consequence a general catastrophe. The instruments for that had not yet been invented.

The late war showed us what may happen, when the chemists and the aviators have made more progress; yet next-war romances of the old type continue to be written. Possibly the best specimen is Hector Bywater's "The Great Pacific War of 1931-33," inspired apparently by a purely technical interest in naval strategy and tactics, able to ignore the graver consequences of modern war because it dealt with a limited conflict—naval war between the United States and Japan—whose consequences would be measurably limited too. What is surprising is that at least a dozen next-war stories of the old type have been published on the Continent since 1918; and so far as can be gathered from their titles and the descriptions on their cards in the Public Library, none of them considers any consequence but the overthrow of one power and the rise of another. Only the English seem to have faced the fairly obvious prospect that aviators and chemists will soon be in a position, if they are not just yet, utterly to destroy civilization in any general war of the future; only the English seem to be disinterested enough to write books which, assuming that catastrophe, speculate on what is coming after.

Only the English, too, so far as I know, have gone in for long-range apocalypses, speculations on the remoter future of humanity; but Haldane's "The Last Judgment" and Stapledon's "Last and First Men" may be left out of this discussion. The latter in particular ought to be read by every man who is interested in the future of his race, or even of his descendants; but it is with books that discuss the future in terms of centuries rather than æons that I am now concerned—and with the curious fact that only in England such books are being written.

The spiritual father of such books, of course, is H. G. Wells, who has written three of them himself and doubtless con-

(*Continued on next page*)

Book Code Signed, Halts Price Cutting

Readers, Writers, and Booksellers Affected by Important Decision

By GEORGE STEVENS

NO longer can a retail store sell any new book at less than the published price until at least six months after publication. This is the chief provision of the Booksellers' Code—more accurately, Schedule B of the Retail Code—approved by the National Recovery Administration at Washington last Friday.

Publishers and booksellers agree that this is one of the most important events in book trade history, but its significance does not end here. The code will vitally affect book readers. It will affect some of the largest department stores in the country, in which price-cutting of books has been a fundamental policy.

The first question raised by New York publishers and booksellers was, What are the price-cutting department stores going to do? It was expected on Tuesday that the important New York department stores would be in full compliance with the code beginning Thursday morning, April 19. Executives at Bloomingdale's and Stern's confirmed this for their stores. No executive at Macy's or Gimbel's could be reached who would make an official statement; but a clerk in the Macy book department, questioned on Tuesday afternoon, replied that Macy's would sell books on and after Thursday in compliance with the code.

The compliance date of April 19 was set at a meeting Tuesday morning, attended by members of the temporary Booksellers' Code Authority and representatives of the department stores. Invitations to this meeting were sent Monday by the temporary Code Authority, together with official notification of the passage of the code. The temporary Authority is set up by the Administration pending the confirmation of the permanent Booksellers' Code Authority to administer the code. No official complaints will be made against any store in compliance on April 19 for violations between April 13 and 19.

The news that the code had been signed, incorporating the price maintenance provision, came as a bolt from the blue to the

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This Week

RALEGH AND HIS WORLD
By IRVIN ANTHONY
Reviewed by Arthur Pound

HOW ODD OF GOD
By LEWIS BROWNE
Reviewed by D. de Sola Pool

DOCTOR MARTINO
By WILLIAM FAULKNER
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THE ROOSEVELT YEAR
Edited by PARE LORENTZ
Reviewed by Mark Sullivan

DESIGNED FOR READING
An Anthology from *The Saturday Review*
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

GRANULES FROM AN HOUR GLASS
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

TECHNICS AND CIVILIZATION
By LEWIS MUMFORD
Reviewed by William F. Ogburn

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Apocalyptic Literature

(*Continued from first page*)

tributed to the inspiration of the others. He began in 1910 with "The War in the Air," a universal war which went on "till every organized government in the world had been shattered as a man shatters a teacup with a stick," and there was left only a world of isolated and barbarous village communities, whose condition of a *bellum omnium contra omnes* was fortunately incapable of bringing humanity to complete suicide because the wars of the next few centuries would have to be fought with swords and spears.

Three years later "The World Set Free" was the product of one of Wells's optimistic moods. Again we have the general war in the air, made more dreadful now by atomic bombs; but before the fighting had been going on very long men of all nations, and not merely private citizens but rulers, realized that it had to be ended before it ruined the world. So the later stages of the war were accompanied by a continuous peace conference which finally stopped the fighting by the simple expedient of declaring itself a world government. This was written in 1913. Within six years it was to appear that Wells had shown too much confidence in human sanity.

Lately he has come back to the theme in "The Shape of Things to Come." Wells's account, in that book, of one episode in the past of which I have first-hand knowledge does not give me much confidence in his predictions for the future, but one point about the book deserves notice—the millennial mood is gone. The world that was set free in 1913 was to have gone on to deal with essential human problems and make those conquests of Nature and human nature that are proper to man, without having to worry any longer about the infantile racial ailments of national jealousies and mass homicide. Now Wells
s that even world organization will
ays seem to everyone the right
ation, that under whatever politi-
economic order, some men will possess the "general will" and others will still be obstinately selfish. Yet he seems to hope that the aviators and the chemists, the men who can destroy us if they choose, will feel in some degree the consecration of a priesthood; instead of a general war, universally ruinous, he sees a succession of local wars, less ruinous than they might be because chemists and aviators sometimes go on strike and refuse to deal a blow to the enemy that would be a more disastrous blow to the race. Chemists and aviators, men on the frontiers of scientific exploration in general, are perhaps as a class more disinterested than any other in modern society; but it may be doubted if at present many of them would take so detached a view, at the possible cost of destruction to the nations to which they belong.

Whether the next wars are local or general, the universal catastrophe so often pictured is not likely to be a matter of this decade or the next—not even if you limit it to Europe. Even local wars would be disastrous enough; on a world already perceptibly deteriorated from its all-time high of 1913, they might inflict material and cultural losses that could never, in this phase of the history of the species, be regained. But the total reversion of this planet to barbarism is not imminent for the reason that at present the inventiveness of the fiction writer has outstripped that of the applied scientist.

The thing is possible, however, at least for the small and densely populated continent which is the heart of modern culture —not only possible but highly probable, in our children's time if not in ours, unless the human race collectively and the individuals who happen to become its rulers acquire wisdom and unselfishness in a degree, and with a rapidity, as yet unknown. On this point another English novelist, Harold Nicolson, has made some observations that are far from encouraging. His "Public Faces" is a history of the world crisis of 1937 (or is it 1939?—I cite all these books from memory) which

EDWARD SHANKS

His apocalypse is in the twenty-second century.

is in essence a history of the world crisis of 1914, and may as well be a history of the world crisis of 2937 if there is then a sufficient planetary unity to produce a world crisis—unless by that time a superhuman type has been developed. Nicolson shows you how the fate of the world may be affected by a hundred accidents in the lives of the rulers of nations; the exigencies or supposed exigencies of domestic politics, what a man had for breakfast, an hour's delay in receipt of a dispatch, the private concerns of petty men who are indispensable cogs in the machine, the intoxication of popularity, and the depression of fatigue. Read him, and you will feel that such a race can survive only by the grace of God, which to date has not been visibly operative. The inventive compartments of the human brain have so far outstripped the rest that mankind is like a child playing with a bottle of nitroglycerine.

People who despair of educating the child sometimes try to put the nitroglycerine into safer hands. Such was the impulse behind the proposals that the League of Nations should be armed. Unfortunately we were not ready for that—neither we who would have had to consent to the necessity, nor perhaps those of us who might have been entrusted with the responsibility. Michael Arlen, in "Man's Mortality," depicts the world of the nineteen eighties under the suzerainty of an armed League which is in fact dominated by the international aviation combine. It keeps order by fear among nations still juridically independent, but fails to remove the causes of conflict and threatens to become a tyranny; until this unstable order is upset by the intrusion of an inventive genius who sets off a world war all by himself.

What follows the catastrophe Arlen does not say; his interest is less apocalyptic than psychological and mystical—an interest in the possibility of qualitative changes in human nature, which could already be discerned in "Men Dislike Women." In "Man's Mortality" we see the first emergence of individuals of a new species, with the intimation that the Superman may cause extreme inconvenience to men who think and feel on a more primitive plane. Yes, this is the same Arlen who wrote "The Green Hat" —a man of very high intelligence, as he proved upon coming into a society which offered to pay big money for slick hokum, by writing the slickest hokum of his time. He is writing something very different now.

Of true apocalypses the earliest aside from Wells was Edward Shanks's "The People of the Ruins." Here we see England two centuries after the catastrophe, gone back to medievalism and Catholicism—a country of barbarians under local tyrants diversely titled, owing a sort of feudal allegiance to the hereditary Speaker who has replaced the King. There is ignorance, obscurantism, cruelty, petty local wars; and apparently this is about as good as anything left in the world of the twenty-second century; some peoples —the Canadians, for instance—are mere bandits living by war and pillage. That all this is only a rewriting of the Dark Ages following the fall of Rome is apparent; equally apparent, and more disconcerting, is the fact that it might easily come true.

John Collier's "Full Circle" (the English title was "Poor Tom's a-Cold") deals with a period sixty years after the catastrophe, when every man's hand is still against his neighbor, and morals have generally been forgotten along with hygiene. But one of the town and village communities into which England is now divided happened to be settled largely by gentlefolk, a few of whom are old enough to remember the days before the disaster. One such old man attempts to rebuild the nucleus of a new civilization around his two grandsons, the fighting chief and the Machiavellian planner; but personal emotions, love and the rivalry for power, spoil the plan, and leave you with the depressed realization that recovery must be a matter of centuries rather than decades, a new development rather than any salvage from the old.

Technically inferior to both of these, but far more original and suggestive, is Cicely Hamilton's "Lest Ye Die," subtitled "A Story from the Past or of the Future." Original in the first place in the means of catastrophe; most apocalyptics are content to assume an air war leading to the breakdown of the machinery of society, after which, as Mr. Collier observes, "millions can die of famine as quickly as one." But Miss Hamilton (or is it Mister?—the name suggests one, the manner the other) drawing on observations near Abbeville in 1918, suggests as the surest technique of destruction in future wars the "displacement of populations." Not the attacks on armies or fortresses at all, but the driving out of the inhabitants of cities by air bombardments, forcing them to flee to other cities whose inhabitants are simultaneously driven out; the distribution of this vast swarm of incompetents over a countryside which they devour before beginning to devour each other. In this country, outside of certain metropolitan areas, there is not much to fear from that; but in the industrial regions of Europe (or of Japan) it could easily become the agency of utter ruin. Its practical possibility waits on only two things, either of which might happen tomorrow—the mass production of airplanes, and the invention of a gas that will not blow away.

Here again, England after the catastrophe is a land of savage and squalid villages—more savage and more squalid, because there has come to the crazed survivors a prophet who interprets all this as God's vengeance on those who ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Science, the science that has destroyed the world, is that forbidden tree; and every scientist who survived the disaster is ruthlessly slaughtered by his neighbors, who have no desire to get into that sort of trouble again. And the hero of "Lest Ye Die," a civilized Londoner reduced to savagery, finds himself reflecting that perhaps all this has happened before; that primitive tales of gods and heroes reflected dim memories of wiser men in an earlier Golden Age, that the Day of Judgment depicted in prophecy and apocalypse was a day that had happened once, and lived on in racial memory. It would explain much, even the native obscurantism of priests.

> Behind the bench of zealots who judged Galileo lay the dumb race-memory of ruin—ruin, perhaps, many times repeated. They stood, the zealots, for that ignorance which being interpreted is life; and Galileo for that knowledge which, being interpreted, is death. . . . The race that would seek science and ensue it without halt must be such a race as the world has not yet seen, composed of men and women balanced and forbearing.

As pre-history this may be doubted; but it is perfectly valid as an artistic concept—and it may very well be future history, many times repeated.

Whether it will happen depends on the grace of God or the operations of chance, according to your taste; if it does happen, the probable consequences can easily be projected in outline. A world of isolated and hostile village communities, a population kept down to the subsistence level permitted by a very rude agriculture; universal ignorance and squalor, relieved emotionally and intensified intellectually by an authoritarian religion. On a limited scale, the thing has happened often enough before; the Roman parallel is the only one about which we know much, but I see no reason why it might not be fairly closely repeated. As in the early Dark Ages, there would no doubt be communities where some culture, some intelligence, survived; there would be gallant endeavors to begin the rebuilding, endeavors probably doomed to defeat; for centuries things would grow worse till at last there showed the first faint signs of a new growth among the barbarians. And then, unless the human race had somehow grown in wisdom and self-restraint, the same old cycle over and over, ad infinitum.

How does it happen that the literature of this not unlikely future comes only from England? The Wells influence? But that has been felt on the Continent too. There are doubtless Continentals who are

JOHN COLLIER

Barbarity in sixty years.

thinking about these things, but so far as I can discover they are not writing about them; when they sit down to depict the next war, they are still obsessed by the triumph of the fatherland over its ancestral enemy, without reflecting that the more probable consequence is ruin for both. But England's situation is itself a type of the present dilemma of the human race; still measurably detached from Continental quarrels, England is no longer detached from the Continent; the Wright brothers have abolished the Channel. Every thinking man and woman in England realizes that a small, crowded, and highly industrialized nation faces the possibility of destruction in a quarrel which is not its own quarrel at all—a quarrel as alien to immediate British interest as the Austro-Serbian dispute of 1914, but into whose consequences England will inevitably be drawn. England faces a peril

Winged Victory

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

ALONG cool corridor alive with fame
Singing of ancient races, time-stilled hands,—
And at the end a figure like a flame
Poises above the beauty she commands.
For an eternal moment she alights
On her stone ship, knowing no more the sea,
Dreaming the dream of her heroic flights
Crowned with the golden wreath of victory.
Will she be with us when we glance again
Or on her marble pinions take the air
Cleaving the heavens in the sun and rain,
Spirit of freedom, bright beyond compare?
O, winged glory, touch our common lives
While this, your earth-caught shadow, still survives.

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which apparently Englishmen can do next to nothing to avert. It is a predicament which encourages searching of the soul.

Nothing like that has been written in the United States, partly because our vast area measurably frees us from apprehension. An air invasion could do immense damage, wreck industrial regions, kill millions of people and permanently lower the living standard of the remainder without coming anywhere near destroying civilization in the United States. That is one reason; but also we are more interested in immediate problems, and we have not yet lost the millennial faith of the pioneer in the Promised Land over the next hill. The hill is psychological now, not geographical, but most of us feel sure the Promised Land is there. But the English, or a certain type of the English, have begun to suspect that there can be no Promised Land for such a race. Free from the national passions that still dominate the majority even of intelligent Continentals, free from the uncritical optimism still prevalent in America, they are able to take a detached and dispassionate view of the imminent peril of all humanity—to think not as Englishmen, not even as Europeans, but as cosmics. The appearance and increase of this type of thinking in England, and nowhere else, would seem to give the English some title to be regarded as the most civilized of nations; they more than any other people are beginning to think the way men must think, if they are to make this planet habitable at all.

And what hope is there for a nation that is beginning to think like that? When the Oxford Union votes, with whatever mental reservations, a refusal to fight for King and country, it seems that Wells may have guessed right—that in a future air war English aviators and chemists might go on strike; some of them anyway, more than of any other nation. And what would that accomplish? Most probably the destruction of England, including the chemists and aviators who had sufficient insight and forbearance to refuse to defend their civilization by destroying another; the destruction of England, and the triumph of a nation whose citizens were still so rude, so selfish—that is, so uncivilized—as to be indifferent to the destruction they might wreak on the enemy. Lately Messrs. Dollfuss, Fey, and Starhemberg have stamped out one of the minor flowers of contemporary civilization—why? Because the Viennese Socialists, though they had begun to arm, though they had made some tentative plans for a civil war if it must come to that, were unwilling to believe that it must come to that; unwilling to get the jump on their opponents by starting a war. In other words, because the Viennese Socialists were civilized, and Fey and Starhemberg were barbarians.

With Reinhold Niebuhr's view that "the victory of the barbarians is fated" I am unable to agree, partly because I am not sure that anything is fated, partly because he was thinking only of barbarians from the slums. When the bearer of so honored a name as Starhemberg proves himself a barbarian it makes you wonder how many other bearers of honored names, in Europe and America, are barbarians just below the surface. And without assenting to any teleological interpretation of history one may recognize certain biological trends which can be checked only by hard resolution and alert intelligence, if they can be checked at all. Given equal armament and equal technical capacity—and all peoples are on the way to acquiring that, nowadays—the barbarians must always win, in class wars or international wars, precisely because they are barbarians; because they can throw themselves into it whole-heartedly without considering the consequences, and their civilized opponents can not. The biological virtues, till lately essential, begin to seem the worst enemies of the social virtues that will be essential to a really human race; modern struggles are likely to result in the survival of the unfittest—unfittest for any civilized future, however well adapted to the still semi-barbarian present. Until another million years of evolution has refined some more of the anthropoid survivals out of human nature, civilization may be a disease, incurable and fatal.

Sir Walter Ralegh in the New Manner

RALEGH AND HIS WORLD. By Irvin Anthony. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.25.

Reviewed by Arthur Pound

EVER since impressionism invaded biography, with early and especial attention to the Elizabethans, it has been inevitable that someone would do Sir Walter Ralegh in the new manner. Elizabeth's captain of the guard and whilom favorite gentleman is excellent material for what may be called the "lusty, gusty" school, which runs rather more to striking literary effects than to nice distinctions and patient research.

This life of Ralegh by Irvin Anthony is aptly described by the publishers as "a brilliant picture." So it is. Mr. Anthony writes compelling, even ecstatic, prose. There are many memorable passages in this volume; bits that even a case-hardened reviewer turns back to for rereading, and gets rather more out of on the second reading than on the first. The funeral of Queen Elizabeth, the death of Ralegh, the repulse of the Armada are examples. Here the rhetoric is so breathless that to question the detailed correctness of those pictures is beside the point. The truth may as often reside in flashes as in facts.

On the other hand, there are spots in the narrative where the whirling fireworks fail to hide the flimsiness of the scaffolding. Mr. Anthony spends wide space ascribing Elizabeth's fancy for Ralegh to a hark-back of her youthful experiences, whatever they were, with the mature admiral, Thomas Seymour, yet the author gives no authority for this interpretation of the mind of Elizabeth. Why rationalize at length on the interplay of minds long since gone to dust leaving no record on the matter under discussion? This passage, and several others which seem to be chiefly tosh and filler, mar an otherwise excellent performance. Also, like so many other Americans writing of English history, Mr. Anthony is occasionally under the black spell of proving that he knows a tremendous amount and so lumbers up his text with needless detail.

The author has handled most skilfully his demonstration of the grip which the political principles of Machiavelli obtained upon the rulers of Europe and England soon after the publication of "The Prince." It is an idea new to me, but it seems to explain some of the contradictions of English politics, lay and clerical, under the Stuarts. And yet, the author's return again and again to the Machiavellian text appears to be somewhat labored.

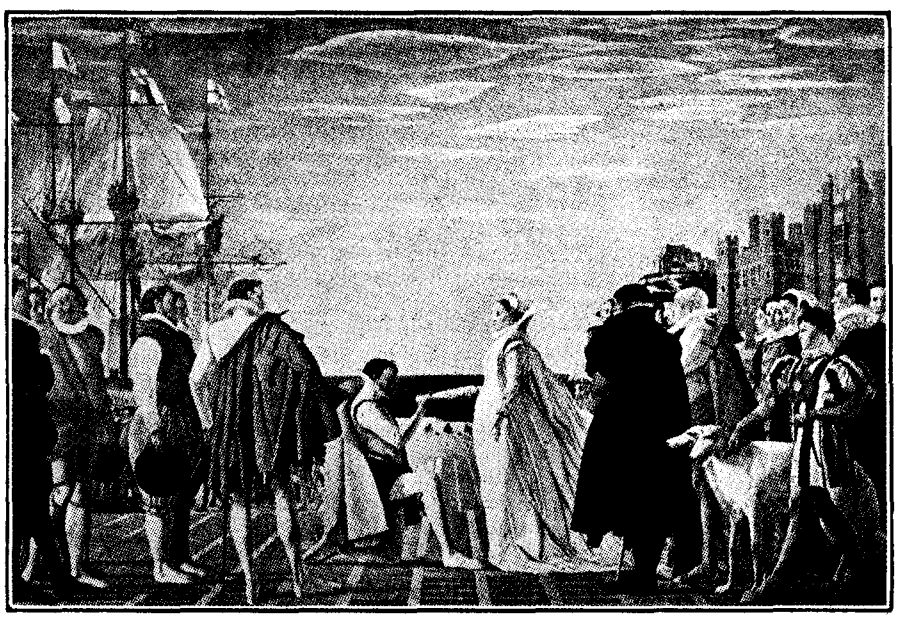
Ralegh, I suspect, quoted Machiavelli often, not because the Italian had molded the Englishman's thought; but because the Italian excused what Ralegh, in his search for power and wealth, wanted to get done. And such are the certainties of retribution in this world, that Sir Walter might have fared better if he had never heard of the Italian philosopher. A man of wit, courage, and beauty (in an age when male beauty could strut without shame), Ralegh strained so hard after recognition, influence, and estates, that he lost both the favor of the public and the confidence of responsible statesmen. Mr. Anthony has a desperate time explaining the failure of the Cecils to assist a Captain of the Guard who was ever cottoning to them; the answer perhaps is that Ralegh was too definitely a man on the make to command confidence; or if not quite that, for he had his periods of plain country living far from the play of courts, he certainly had built up a reputation as a taker rather than as a giver. The "Wily Watt" of the popular doggerel sung under the Tower windows after his conviction for treason is Ralegh as the common folk of London saw him—a double-dealer trapped at last. Ralegh as a bold, factious spirit, a less able man than Cecil could rate, who, after extraordinary favors, revenues, and gifts at the hands of Elizabeth, would not be disposed calmly to accept demotion after Scots James succeeded the so-called Virgin Queen. As to the complete correctness of the latter title, Mr. Anthony apparently has his doubts and so have I; but his literary treatment of the lady does not demean her on that account. Almost, Elizabeth is the hero of this tale.

For Americans the chief interest in Walter Ralegh arises from his efforts to be first ashore with settlers in Carolina. He spent a fortune trying vainly to plant colonies there, sending forth four expeditions; but these came to naught, perhaps because their chief had to stay at home guarding the Queen. When he did cross the Atlantic it was to chase "fool's gold" in Guiana. His last journey to Guiana is one of the most sorrowful ever made by a suffering man. It was undertaken as a means of escaping imprisonment of thirteen years, most of the time in the Tower. If Ralegh could return gold to his "tetchy" sovereign, he could go free. The expedition failed; Ralegh's son died in the enterprise; and Ralegh returned to meet his death on the block.

His conduct after reaching England became devious and uncertain, as that of a Machiavellian slowed down by age and sorrow is apt to be. This time there was no long respite from the doom pronounced long before. At the last, he died a noble and affecting death under the ax, a death consonant in act and word with the lofty sentiments of his "History of the World" and the eloquent resignation of his verses written in the Tower.

Ralegh at one time or another was soldier, sailor, explorer, poet, historian. But in no one of these activities did he achieve that super-excellence which makes a man a great this or a great that. In the technical sense of the word he was a great gentleman, however, and if he had been a little less calculating in his young manhood and a little more calculating in his later years, he would seem today almost the beau ideal of English manhood—the perfect knight without fear and without reproach. But it was his misfortune to reverse ordinary experience, in that he was more wary and shrewd in youth than he was in age. A man so charming, audacious, and many-sided, richly deserved a vigorous, colorful biography, and here it is.

Mr. Anthony provides a skimpy bibliography and a superb index, of itself enough to make any book a success.



ELIZABETH COMMISSIONS SIR WALTER RALEGH TO SAIL FOR AMERICA
Painting by A. K. Lawrence. From "Ralegh and His World."

Across Jewish Life

HOW ODD OF GOD. By Lewis Browne. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by D. de Sola Pool

TO be able to discuss the Jew with objectivity is rare, especially for a Jew. Lewis Browne, however, succeeds in doing this. He is as ready to denounce Jewish failings as he is to rise to the defense of the outraged Jew. Anti-Semite and philo-Semite can both come into court using as their brief his "Introduction to the Jews."

But when both sides have had their say, the court will find it difficult to render a decision. For Mr. Browne draws his evidence from an overland journey across three thousand years of Jewish life from China to Peru, dropping in on the way at Biro-Bidjan, Bombay, Jerusalem, Beth Alpha, Warsaw, Berlin, Majorca, Covilhao, and New York. The testimony, built on these fluctuating foundations, necessarily oscillates in rather dizzying uncertainty. Thus Mr. Browne is sometimes convinced that the reason why Jews discard Judaism is because it is ritualistic, and it therefore gets entangled in the gears of modern existence. At other times he is equally convinced that the true reason is to be found in the fact that when gentile opposition dies down, Jews have neither the means nor the incentive to observe their exacting ritual. He nevertheless looks for the virtual disappearance of Judaism, though he does not foresee any disappearance of gentile opposition. With dubious logic he states "we find one fact *incontrovertible*: Judaism as a determining factor in the everyday life of the Jews *seems* doomed." Though Judaism may die, he holds that the Jews will survive. Yet this thesis is maintained irreconcilably alongside of that which holds that the secret of Jewish survival may well lie not at all in the Jewish chromosomes, but entirely in loyalty to the Jewish scriptures, *i. e.*, in the observance of that ritual of Judaism which he dooms. Amidst all this confusion, for all of which ample evidence is adduced, who shall decide?

Will the Jew survive? The thesis which Mr. Browne propounds is that gentile antagonism assures his survival and makes the Jew unable to die, though he is unworthy to live. In support of this he cites such cogent instances as the well nigh incredible persistence to this day of secret Jews who are descendants of men and women forcibly converted to Christianity four and a half centuries ago. He could with equal force maintain the opposite thesis, that Jews will not survive, by pointing to the copious historic evidence of the utter disappearance of millions of Jews and great Jewish communities through absorption into their environment. Indeed, he often touches on this aspect of the problem without apparently realizing how fundamentally it shakes the case he is intent on proving.

Finally he propounds the theory that antagonism to the Jews is due to their being city dwellers in a world which is still predominantly rural minded. How far he believes in this theory is not clear. For in submitting it he writes variously, "I suspect," "I suggest," and "I am convinced." But if Jewish survival is conditioned by antagonism from the gentile, and such antagonism is born of the Jew's being a city dweller, how does Mr. Browne explain the instance which he himself gives of the complete disappearance of secret Jews from the large towns of Portugal or Chile and their survival in villages of those lands? Or how would he explain the analogous prejudice against gypsies—assuredly one of the least urban of peoples?

"How Odd of God" opens a brilliant discussion about Jews; it does not say the last word. It answers a thousand questions; it raises a thousand more, which make the reader look forward to Mr. Browne's next book. With his deft pen and broad grasp, Lewis Browne stimulates the mind, though he may not always succeed in guiding the groping spirit or satisfying the puzzled conscience of mankind. Perhaps the riddle is insoluble.

David de Sola Pool is minister of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, New York City.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Warning to Wantons

No, this is not addressed to those lappers-up of the salacious whose cups have been so abundantly filled by recent fiction. Such wantoning is trivial by comparison with the careless irresponsibility of the chaste but economically illiterate American reader. Browsing in the sports columns and the movie journals, reading articles in the magazines written for his supposed liking, not for his need, he can be upset by Mr. Wirt or any other loud cry because he has been too lazy to learn by careful reading what has been going on in the world and his country. The materials of knowledge are available—not simple materials, not consistent or harmonious opinions, but a mass of careful writing in which all experts agree on certain changes which have taken place in our once comfortable world and certain consequences sure to follow.

Wantonly neglecting these writings on the wall, our negligent readers are frightened by nonsense about a Stalin waiting on horseback (or in a Ford) somewhere around the corner. Much worse, they can only shout "plot" and "conspiracy" when someone reports that someone else heard another someone say that a change in our governmental system was impending. They do not know, because they have not read the books by those who have been trying to apply expert knowledge to our crisis, that no one in authority has shown any passionate desire to change the fundamentals of our political and economic system. They do not see, because they have been too careless to observe what has been happening, that the responsible leaders of our so-called revolution have been pulling backward, not forward, have been endeavoring to make only such readjustments of our political system as are demanded by the facts of a changed economic world of relatively self-contained states. They do not realize, because they have not read the reports by impartial students of trade and industry, that something vital has happened to the world of economics and politics since the war, and that change begets change. The very inconsistency of many of the measures adopted, the lack of a clear social philosophy might reassure them, if they had not been too careless in their reading to know that political action in the past year has followed, not preceded, the facts.

It is, of course, the old curse of America—distrust and neglect of the expert, still surviving from our pioneer days, when every man had to know a little about everything. Even twenty years ago one saw signs in every town, "practical mechanic," "practical wheelwright," "practical engineer." No one speaks of "practical engineers" today. Industry in its productive (but, alas, not in its distributive!) side has been given over entirely to the expert. Here as elsewhere experts do not always agree—on the design of an automobile engine or the plan of a line of production, but we do not seek a "practical" rule-of-thumb designer when the experts disagree. Not so in economics or politics. There the man who has studied and experimented is disqualified because he is not "practical." He knows too much to be right. Now experts can be wrong, especially in such perplexing circumstances as ours, and they can violently disagree, but this at least is their qualification, that they have tried to understand the meaning of harsh facts which the "practical" man either uses to his own limited advantage or denies. And the expert, the real expert, says of this present situation that the problem has already become not how to preserve, not how to destroy, but how to adapt our political system to an economically changed world. That the political system of our cities must somehow be changed before or after bankruptcy even the wanton reader now understands. That our representational system is breaking down under the pressure of organized minorities grabbing pensions and everything else in sight, he is perhaps just beginning to comprehend. But that change is essential if we are not to break with dangerous violence from the past of American democracy and the past of American capitalism, he does not know because he has wantonly neglected the experts who have been putting facts in books and articles which he has not read. Our wanton readers wait until someone frightens them and then bark up the wrong tree.

"THIS MORNING HE SAT BEHIND SINCLAIR LEWIS ALL THE WAY FROM BRONXVILLE TO GRAND CENTRAL."

Letters to the Editor: *Carrying Coals to Manchester; A Librarian on Book-Making*

Is Adam Smith Dead?

SIR:—In his article "Who Killed Adam Smith?" Mr. John Chamberlain informs us that all of the "leading ideas" of the free-trade doctrine that Adam Smith promulgated "were shaped by the matrix of the relatively tiny island off the northwest coast of Europe which happened to possess iron and coal in close proximity in the ground, and which chanced to have the inventive genius to harness steam and to provide the first effective industrial machines."

An old-fashioned logician might feel inclined to ask for some proof that this was actually the origin of Adam Smith's economic philosophy, even if it were true that conditions in Great Britain, at the time when "The Wealth of Nations" was being composed, were such as Mr. Chamberlain indicates; for it is at least conceivable that some genuine thinking went into the matter in addition to that unconscious cerebration which was "shaped by the matrix" of Britain's coal and iron.

But it happens to be unnecessary to fall back upon any canons of logic in order to controvert the assertion. Adam Smith says very little about coal, but that little is sufficient to dispose of the question. The only thing in "The Wealth of Nations" that relates to the production of coal is a passage occupying a page or two (Book 2, Chapter XI) in which we are told such things as this: "Coals are a less agreeable fuel than wood; they are said, too, to be less wholesome. . . . Whatever may be the price of wood, if that of coals is such that the expense of a coal-fire is nearly equal to that of a wood one, we may be assured that at that place, and in those circumstances, the price of coals is as high as it can be."

There is not the slightest indication that Adam Smith was aware of the use of coal for anything but the heating of houses; a circumstance which is perhaps sufficiently accounted for by the fact that in 1776 coal had hardly begun to be used either in the production of iron or for any other industrial purpose. And one looks in vain for any mention of steam-power, or of any of the "effective industrial machines" which ushered in the industrial revolution; but this is hardly surprising, inasmuch as, when "The Wealth of Nations" appeared, Watt's steam-engine had barely come into use, the spinning-jenny was in its infancy, and the invention of the power-loom was still in the womb of futurity. Since, moreover, Adam Smith had spent about ten years in the preparation of his great work, and had expounded many of its ideas in his lectures ten years earlier still, it is somewhat difficult to attribute his doctrines to the impress stamped upon his brain by Britain's coal and iron and steam-engines and power machinery.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

New York City.

More Marginal Notes

SIR:—The inner margins of the pages in a well-printed biography dated 1869 measure three, the outer margins, three and one-half centimeters. The figures for novels chosen at random among the crops of later years are as follows:

1905:	Inner margin	2,	outer	3	cm.
1911:	"	" 2,	"	2¼	"
1927:	"	" 1⅞,	"	2½	"
1929:	"	" 1¼,	"	2	"
1933:	"	" 1⅜,	"	2	"
1933:	"	" 1½,	"	3	"
1933:	"	" 1,	"	1½	"

Permit me to suggest to makers of books that this tendency to reduce the inner margin is anything but advantageous. It accounts for much breaking of bindings and makes it almost impossible for libraries to rebind with any hope of avoiding to shave the inner edges of the printed matter. There is an excuse for it in English shilling editions, but in the average two or three dollar book printed on thick stock, with lavish outer margins and relatively small page-forms the visible inner margins should be more generous than one half inch or little more. Moving the page-forms one or two ems to the right would improve the general impression of many books, make them more easily readable and give them a longer life in libraries.

I know all that can be said about examples in classical printing. Some single-column incunabula are as bad as some modern books, with regard to their inner margins. A thin book on thin paper, or a small book lightly bound, is a different problem, but the average book should have inner margins that admit folding of the sheets and leave space for the printed page to form a plane surface when the book is held open.

J. CHRISTIAN BAY.

The John Crerar Library,
Chicago, Ill.

Half of Mencken

SIR:—I was amused and interested to see your picture of H. L. Mencken and Clarence Darrow gazing with rapt attention at Mencken's picture of a brewery.

I am reminded of a rhyme of my childhood:

"I have no pain, dear mother, now;
But, O, I feel so dry!
Connect me to a brewery
And let me sup it dry!"

Seems to me that Mencken's brewery has long since gone dry and that even when he was imbibing most freely his stuff was somewhat frothy. Ye gods, two such celebrities gazing at some firm's brewery picture!

It was said of the late Lord Rosebery that when he was at his best he was "half Scotch and half soda" but I am moved to ask how we shall classify one half of Mencken or Darrow?

HARRY TAYLOR.

Pittsfield, N. H.

Apologies to Herrick

SIR:—Not since the days of "Pegasus Perplexing" have I found such enjoyment as Elizabeth Kingsley's double-crostics afford. The arrival of *The Saturday Review* is more of an event than ever.

Knowing no peace of mind until the last square is filled, I am moved to say to "puzzle fans," with apologies to Robert Herrick:

Ye may grumble, groan, revile
And may even swear awhile,
But the crostics must be done,
Night, ye know, is coming on.
Then, ah then, no moment's grace
Till the letters come in place!

OLIVE G. RUNNER.

Hartford, Conn.

Thanks!

SIR:—Your first "Double-Crostic" was a cinch, your second is much tougher, but I have no complaint of ease or difficulty to make. What riles me is the triumphant exclamation mark after " . . . up and down the letters mean nothing!" If the letters up and down had a meaning your punctuation would not be so funny. What an accomplishment! The letters mean nothing! Congratulations!

MARCUS GOLDMAN!

New York City!

Lust

SIR:—Bluish stamps in curly sheets . . .
Yellow stamps in rows and pleats . . .
Special stamps . . . and aeroplane!
I am growing more insane
Day by day with secret lust.
Sheets and sheets of stamps I must
Have if ever I'm to be
Linked with immortality.
O . . . you editors who say,

"Send your stuff out every day;
Never mind a slight depression.
Keep on mailing your Expression."
Which one of you can I vamp
With no stamp . . . stamp . . . stamp . . .
stamp. . . .

DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS.

Pasadena, Cal.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

WHATEVER GOES UP. By GEORGE C. TYLER in collaboration with J. C. FURNAS. (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Lively memoirs of a theatrical manager.

DR. MARTINO AND OTHER STORIES. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. (*Smith & Haas*). Fourteen short stories.

IN ALL COUNTRIES. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. (*Harcourt, Brace*). Impressions of various countries.

This Less Recent Book:

AS THE EARTH TURNS. By GLADYS HASTY CARROLL. (*Macmillan*). A novel of farm life from which a motion picture has just been made.

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Fourteen Faulkner Stories

DOCTOR MARTINO. By William Faulkner. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.50.

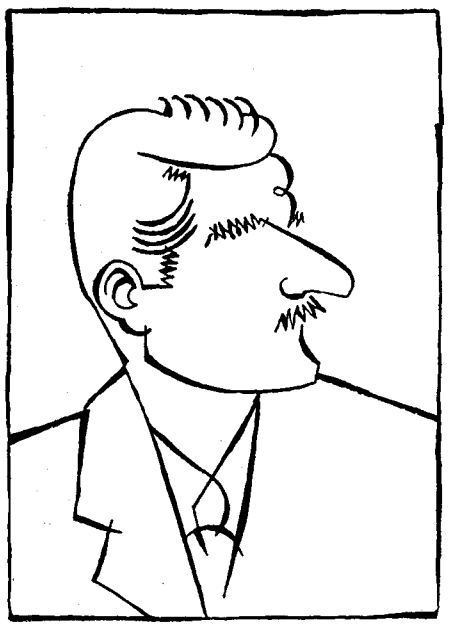
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

IT hardly needs to be said that William Faulkner is a "natural-born" writer. His stories are never according to any formula, they evolve out of his own unusual temperament. Some are better than others, but none is a prostitution of his natural gifts. In this book he appears to have enlarged his range. His command of the eerie and sinister is well known, but it develops that he can also be sardonically humorous in a high degree. Perhaps this might have been foreseen in an early novel of his, and probably his worst, "Mosquitoes," in which he created a certain dumb-bell feminine character that I still remember. Of course, he can write with strong impact in his climaxes. You have only to read the last paragraph of "Leg," one of his very latest stories, in this volume.

> I told him to find it and kill it. The dawn was cold; on these mornings the butt of the leg felt as though it were made of ice. I told him to. I told him.

That is writing, I am sure, that the late Stephen Crane would greatly have admired; and it is absolutely and meticulously right for this particular story.

There are fourteen short tales. *Harper's, Scribner's,* and *Story* have published the greater part of the collection. "Turnabout," which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post,* was made into a talking picture. Two stories appear for the first time in this volume. In general the merit of the stories seems to me unusual. "Elly" I had been impressed with before. "Mountain Victory" is my favorite of them all. "There Was a Queen" almost comes next except for its not quite carrying conviction to me in regard to the daughter-in-law's final and crucial action concerning



WILLIAM FAULKNER
Drawing by Arthur Hawkins, Jr.

the letters. This action "makes" the whole story; and still, I don't quite believe it. But the character of the old lady is superbly drawn. "Fox Hunt" and "The Hound" are both good stories, which I have read before in magazines. "Doctor Martino" was new to me, subtle and interesting, but somehow minor for Faulkner. In "Death Drag" he deals in grim humor that is most effective. "Honor" is another story that involves flying. So far as I can tell, his fliers are the real thing, they sound authentic. This flying is of peace-time, but "Turnabout," of course, was a story of the late war. It seemed to me, though an excellent yarn of its kind, to be, strangely enough, influenced somewhat by Kipling's method, even by Kipling's peculiar humor. "Wash" is fundamentally pure melodrama; "Beyond" an only half-successful treatment of the persistence—brief as it may be—of individuality after death; "Black Music" and "Leg" a couple of startling fantasies, the former possessing no inconsiderable humor. Altogether I found the collection much above the average run of books of short stories, as it should be. There is plenty of variety.

It is a peculiar circumstance that what seem to me the best two stories in the book, "Mountain Victory" and "Elly," involve men suspected of being negroes. We do not know the truth about Paul de Montigny of Louisiana, save that white or colored, he became involved with a girl whose environment impelled her into a passionate and murderous neurosis. On the other hand, Saucier Weddel is a noble, not an ignoble character, descendant of a French emigré and a Choctaw woman. Which brings me back to "Mountain Victory," a story in which all the characters, including the negro servant, are extraordinarily well drawn. The infatuation of the young girl, the pathetic quixotism of the young brother; the hatred of the elder brother and the woodenness of the father; the loyalty and childishness and inebriety of the negro; and the impressive fineness of Weddel, the Southern officer; all these qualities emerge in the most natural and absorbing of narratives through an intensely sinister atmosphere, the creation of which is the prime gift of William Faulkner. He is unsparing in presenting the tragedies of life. One might say that the darker they are, the more he is drawn to them. But in this particular story, blind fury is confronted by several kinds of heroism; which does not prevent the brave characters from being blotted out, but is not that exclusive parade of various types of ignobility to which a good deal of Faulkner's former work has accustomed us. In the character of Wash Jones, in the story "Wash," we also have dumb fealty assuming proportions of the heroic in the role of avenger; though, as I have said before, this story seems to me rather a melodramatic "set-up."

I do not wish to wax sentimental in regard to so engrossing a story as "Mountain Victory." For it is the sort of Civil War tale that the late Ambrose Bierce, surely saturnine enough, would have respected. In closing, I see that I have neglected to comment on "Smoke," Faulkner's nearest approach to a detective story; on the whole well handled though somewhat amorphous.

Possibly the best of these narratives does not quite touch the best of the stories in "These Thirteen," Faulkner's former book of short flights. But that must remain a matter of opinion. What I am sure of is that this writer is genuinely credentialled, in the short story as in the novel. In the more compact medium he is doing some of the most powerful and original work that America can claim in our time.

Horns of Death

(*Continued from first page*)

nature. And, it can never be forgotten, Belmonte was a revolutionist who transformed the whole character of his art. Before Belmonte,

> the ring was considered to be divided into the territory of the bullfighter and that belonging to the bull. The man did not invade the territory of his foe. Now there is no trace of this. Man is the god of all the ground, he has dominion everywhere. Now one does not speak about the territory of the bull-fighter and of the bull. Belmonte swept all that away. The other matadors—they had to do as he did—many of them gave their lives.

Joselito was one of them.

Mr. Baerlein is, as I have said, discursive; while not quite rivalling Robert Burton or Laurence Sterne, he still follows in their wandering footsteps. And he is content to make many portions of his book no more than a jumble of anecdotes and quotations from other writers. The sense of form, which is ever present in the bullfight, without which a corrida would be nothing, is conspicuously absent from the pages of "Belmonte," as, indeed, it is absent from Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon," considered as a whole. But Hemingway had a larger mass of material to control than had Mr. Baerlein, and for the pioneer, persuasive work that he was doing his informal handling of his subject was doubtless best. As for Mr. Baerlein's technical descriptions, they lack the beautiful precision which makes Hemingway's so remarkable; that masterly translation of actions into words which succeeds in communicating to the reader something of the same emotion which the spectacle of the bullfight itself arouses in the spectator. The English author may be a more widely experienced and more profoundly informed *aficionado* than the American. I do not know about this. But I do know that the one is no match for the other as a writer about bullfighting. Ernest Hemingway, weaving verbal patterns as exquisite as any ever woven in air by the slow-moving muleta of Belmonte, "gives emotion" to an extent that is quite beyond the reach of Belmonte's English biographer.

DRAWING BY ROBERTO DOMINGO
From "Belmonte, the Matador"

Yet this Life, jumbled though it be, is a work for which those who read no Spanish may be grateful. In its own rambling fashion, with sympathy and understanding, and often with considerable charm, it tells the story of a great—perhaps the greatest—matador: tells it from the days of his boyhood, when he swam the Guadalquiver by night, and, stripped naked, using his shirt as a cape, faced fighting bulls; through the glorious years of his triumphs in all the plazas of the Spanish world; down to the present years of his retirement upon his estate of La Capitana, where he breeds bulls for other matadors to conquer.

There are many Anglo-Saxon readers who are incapable of understanding how a man who makes it his business to kill bulls can be venerated as a great artist; how the name of Belmonte can be spoken, by reasonable persons, in company with that of Cervantes and that of Goya. These readers will be merely irritated and baffled when they read the speech regarding bullfighting which Belmonte's biographer puts into the mouth of an imaginary ghostly Salamancan bull, treading the Elysian Fields:—

> You know as well as I do that it is a tragic spectacle and not a sport. It is a dance as complicated as a ballet can be and it is composed in the immediate presence of the horns of death. I have been told on excellent authority that the *hora de verdad,* the moment of truth, when the slender, glittering figure bends over the horn and trusts in the sword, deflecting us with the muleta, I have been told by one in whom I have confidence that this is a moment of greater and more piercing emotion than can be found in any other spectacle.

Many will be baffled and irritated. But there are other Anglo-Saxons who will swear that the ghostly bull speaks truly. They have felt that piercing, that overwhelming, that all encompassing emotion; and they know that it can be evoked only by the spectacle in which Belmonte was a supreme performer, only by the art of which Belmonte was a great—perhaps the greatest—master. It is for them, and for those who may some day share their terrible and beautiful experience, that "Belmonte, The Matador" has been written.

No Hiding Place

AN ALTAR IN THE FIELDS. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

MR. LEWISOHN'S latest novel is distinctly a problem novel, an examination of "the disillusion and futility that have brushed the lives of the post-war generations." It is a story of emotional dilemma and ineffectual escape—a defeat which may be summed up in the words of an old Negro spiritual:

> I went to the rock to hide my face;
> The rock cried out, "No hiding place!
> There's no hiding place down here."

It is not, for a change, a Jewish problem which Mr. Lewisohn propounds, although it is the Jew (Dr. Weyl) who, unable to solve the problem of his race, suggests the solution which gives this book its title as well as its finale. It is a general perplexity which prompts the author to ask some devastating questions—questions so profound that only a few of the answers seem satisfactory.

Rose Trezevant and Dick Belden are part of a circle of artists, critics, studio-talkers, and members of the *soi-disant* intelligentzia. He, son of a college president in the Middle West, writes reviews and short articles, supported by an income which permits him to talk about his novel without going to the trouble of writing it. She, a daughter of traditional Southern gentlefolk, is planning a future on the stage, though she has neither natural genius for the theatre nor the will to learn the more deliberate business of acting. The two young people talk, take walks, become lovers, drift into marriage.

> They were, neither one of them, nor was anyone he knew, contented enough to bear hurt and agony; they had no sources whence to draw strength for the bearing. . . . They wanted to escape. Escape! But whither? To what?

They do not know. More talk leads to more frustration; frustration leads to Europe. There they evade, without ever escaping, themselves in more discussions, in attempts to "lead their own lives" and "develop their own personalities," in half-hearted, semi-intellectual "affairs." They continue to drift, closer and closer to the rocks. Just as shipwreck seems inevitable, they are saved by the counsel of Dr. Weyl, a kindly psychoanalyst, and they return to America, and, having inherited an additional twenty-odd thousand dollars, purchase a farm near the Housatonic River, where Rose prepares to bear her child, and where Dick, erecting an altar in the fields, makes his affirmations to the things that do not change.

It is not easy to say why the story fails to achieve its purpose. Mr. Lewisohn has never been more deeply concerned than he is here; many of the pages rise from earnestness to eloquence. Yet neither eloquence nor integrity save the book from being an unsuccessful composite. "An Altar in the Fields" is a joining, rather than a blend, of a philosophical study of current malaises and a novel about a group of characters who suffer from them. But the philosophy is familiar to the point of being stereotyped, and, in spite of the author's intentions, one cannot share the stress and suffering of Mr. Lewisohn's people. They seem unreal, too shadowy for scorn, and far too vague to serve as figures in an allegory. Their very unreality forces the author to invent an unreal solution. The book suggests that Mr. Lewisohn has not only discovered the current dilemma, but the way out of it. He offers, as purge and panacea, "the eternal verities," parenthood, the return to the soil, the tranquil joy of country labor, an altar in the fields. But Mr. Lewisohn's conclusion is as false a happy ending as the one which permitted the lovers to consummate their happiness by having the awkward obstacle of an interfering wife struck by lightning or a previous husband run down by a motor-car. One is extremely dubious when at the conclusion of Mr. Lewisohn's book, Dick Belden lifts rock upon rock into the semblance of a table and leans towards that altar for security. One waits for the rock to cry out, "No hiding place!"

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Our Times in Pictures

THE ROOSEVELT YEAR. Edited by Pare Lorentz. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by MARK SULLIVAN

SOME two years ago Mr. Noel Coward, in a casual conversation, suggested that I should go to see the talking picture based on his play "Cavalcade"—Mr. Coward had not at that time seen the picture himself and he asked me to let him have my judgment of it. Because of this request I went for the first time to see a motion picture in a mood other than mere groping for relaxation and entertainment. Because of this attitude of mind, and because "Cavalcade" was a superlatively excellent picture, I became the generator and beneficiary of some unusual reflections.

It occurred to me that I had spent the past quarter-century in an occupation of which the purpose is to convey ideas to other persons or to cause emotions to arise in them. For this purpose my sole technique consisted of making black marks on white paper. And while I had been plodding along in this ancient method there had arisen a new device, a technique superior in vividness, in range, and in the speed with which the author's thought is introduced into the minds of those whom he aims to influence or amuse. I had been, I reflected, like one of those venerable scriveners whose career had consisted of copying manuscripts by hand and who had continued to practise that obsolete art for half a lifetime after printing had been invented.

I reflected further that the talking-picture was one of many accelerations of the diffusion of ideas and emotions which had come into the world during my lifetime. A man who happened to be born in the same year as myself, Mr. Herbert Hoover, was able as a child to send his voice only so far as a good pair of lungs could achieve with the benefit of a favoring wind—in 1874 not yet had the telephone been invented, I am not sure there was even a megaphone. But in 1928, when Mr. Hoover was fifty-four years old, he had been able to make a speeech, his acceptance of the Republican nomination for the Presidency, that was heard in Africa and Asia. The telephonic means for the rapid dissemination of ideas was invented in 1875. In the late 1870's came the beginning of the motion picture. In the early 1890's came the rise of woodpulp instead of rag for paper, and the printing of photographs on inexpensive glazed stock in books, magazines, and newspapers. About the turn of the century came communication by wireless, followed some twenty years later by the radio. During the 1920's came the talking picture. Throughout the period there went on, in all these processes, a constant ferment of improvement.

I have been saying all this as introduction to an allusion to "The Roosevelt Year," a photographic record edited by Pare Lorentz. Here, too, is an example of another novelty, a new variation in the means by which the public is made aware of events and susceptible to stimulation of emotion about public affairs and public characters.

Collections of photographs are no new thing. There was a famous "Photographic History" of the Civil War. There are several "pictorial histories" of the Great War. But "The Roosevelt Year" is an advanced example of an innovation which is itself, I think, less than a year old. The first—I think the first—example of a book of photographs which has any degree of pretension to any rank of history in the true sense was the collection of photographs of the Great War, "The First World War," with captions by Laurence Stallings, published early last Fall. The second was "The American Procession—American Life Since 1860 in Photographs," assembled by Agnes Rogers, with running comment by Frederick Lewis Allen. The third is "The Roosevelt Year."

Now between these three books and the older "pictorial histories" the distinction which makes the modern three an innovation, lies in the respective texts that accompany the pictures. The older "photographic histories" had captions which attempted to be no more than what a caption commonly is, a trite assemblage of commonplace, neutral words which aim at nothing more pretentious than to identify the photograph. The captions of the three recent books, on the other hand, aim to include the quality of judgment and characterization which is an attribute of historical writing. Mr. Stallings's captions to the photographs of the Great War were scant—but they had the color which infuses the personality of the writer into the words.

Frederick Lewis Allen's captions to "The American Procession" were more ample and detailed—he called them "running comment." The captions by Mr. Lorentz in "The Roosevelt Year" are practically as ample in length as those of Mr. Allen in "The American Procession." And Mr. Lorentz's captions, read in connection with the photographs, really achieve, through some exceptional talent, the continuity, the accuracy, and some of the other qualities of true history.

"The Roosevelt Year" begins with photographs which show the economic depression and the emotional despair accompanying it which were at their worst when Mr. Roosevelt took office, photographs of derelicts sleeping in parks, "Shacktown in the shadow of the main business section of Seattle." . . . Breadlines. . . . A courtroom scene in a Virginia county where one-quarter of the farms were foreclosed under mortgage. Subsequent photographs portray the brief phase of interest and of illusory hope in Technocracy. Then several pages picture Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration, events associated with the closing of banks, the "going off gold," the establishment of "conservation camps," the return of beer, the rise on the Stock Exchange, the initiation of the Tennessee Valley enterprise, the investigations into the misdeeds of bankers, the coming of NRA and the Blue Eagle, the kidnapings of the year, the relief projects.

But I do not need to make an index. The particular merit that impressed me is a judiciousness—with some exceptions—which, in the selection of the photographs,

SO AGAIN WE TURN TO GOLD
Acme photo

in the sequences of them, and in the writing of the captions, achieves to a measurable degree the spirit of historical composition.

I do not happen to recall what was the first book of history that included pictures. But I am sure that in the first histories which were a combination of text and picture, the allocation of space must have been in about the proportion of a hundred pages of text to one of picture. Now we are getting books in which the proportion is about ten of photograph to one of text.

In this there is one of the phases of a world-wide evolution, a universal characteristic of our times. More and more does the art of expression pant toward compression, especially that portion of the art which solicits wide-spread popular consumption. More and more is the mechanism reduced to a mere picture, accompanied by only a fragmentary bit of text.

That the brevity of the text leaves much to be desired goes without question. Excellent as Mr. Lorentz's book seems to me to be, in the experiment it attempts, I am nevertheless aware of feeling dismay over how little opportunity the public generally has to acquire, through this or any other available means, adequate judgment about the merit of Mr. Roosevelt's first year in office, especially in its fundamental aspect, the principles which are involved. No one will be able to tell from Mr. Lorentz's book whether, for example, our departure from the gold basis was either necessary or desirable; whether the rather ruthless breaking up of the international economic conference at London set the world forward or backward; whether the immensity of government-inspired, government-manufactured, government-paid-for propaganda which accompanied the Blue Eagle was a desirable exercise of a proper function of the state; whether the new and startling limitations upon our liberties as individuals are too high a price to pay for the promised economic advantages—assuming that the promises can be kept; whether the payment of more than a billion dollars to farmers not to farm, to plow up every fourth row of cotton, to refrain from planting wheat, to kill pregnant female hogs—whether this and similar steps were sound economics. For the adequate discussion of these and similar matters no photographs will ever be adequate.

But I should not end on a note of qualified commendation; so far as this sort of book is a new art, Mr. Lorentz, both as respects contents and technique of presentation, has made a marked advance. He has overcome limitations which I had supposed were invincible in this kind of book.

BANKER OTTO KAHN CAME NEXT (*Acme photo*)
The pictures on this page are from "The Roosevelt Year"

Mark Sullivan is one of the best-known newspaper correspondents of America, the friend of many of the personages who have directed the political fortunes of the country in recent years, and historian of his period in his series entitled "Our Times."

Designed for Review

DESIGNED FOR READING: An Anthology Drawn from The Saturday Review of Literature, 1924-1934. *By the Editors. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $3.*

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IN 1802 *The Edinburgh Review* was founded and modern book-reviewing began. For six years that stately man-of-war dominated the wide ocean, and then *The Quarterly* was launched to do battle with the Whig vessel. Presently the lighter, but no less deadly, fire of *Blackwood's,* and the heavy batteries of the *Westminster* were added to the roar of conflict. The age of periodical criticism had come. That criticism was violent, it was bad-tempered, it was unjust, but it was vigorous and it was read. In the United States imitative periodicals, mostly forgotten except by specialists, sprang up and died, but whereas the long line of British periodical criticism is unbroken to this day, the story of American book reviewing is a thing of shreds and patches, and the one name that comes to most minds out of the confusion is that of Poe.

Ten years ago *The Saturday Review of Literature* was founded. Looking back, the editors have selected for a representative volume the contributions printed in the present anthology. These they have prefaced by five preliminary original sections on form, on style, on poetry, on reviewing, and on reference books. "Designed for Reading" therefore offers an opportunity to estimate the place which *The Saturday Review* has made for itself in American life, and the drift and quality of the criticism which has been printed in its pages. Unfortunately, the modest editors have limited your reporter as to space; and he dare say no more than that, in all probability, *The Saturday Review* is the most widely influential critical publication in contemporary American literature.

The writing in these articles upholds the good tradition. Times and tempers change, and one does not look in these piping times of literary peace for the ferocity of the Regency period, albeit the thoroughness with which Mr. Ernest Boyd demolishes Mr. Sherard's biography of Maupassant, the vigor of Mr. Elmer Davis's satire in annihilating Bruce Barton (strangely printed under humor) satisfactorily recall the vigor of Gifford and Jeffrey. I say "satisfactorily" because our book-reviewing is too often lamb-like, and in our anxiety to avoid hurting somebody's feelings we end by avoiding any opinion at all. However, even when there is no question of controversy, the reviews here collected are full-blooded and vigorous; the writers have opinions and express them. Good history, said the late J. B. Bury, cannot be written without a bias, and the best book-reviewing is of the same sort—a point Miss Loveman does not seem to make in her prefatory article. That article, by the by, seems to me overly apologetic. "What the average reader wants from a review," she says, "is modest enough." What the average reader wants is a short-hand judgment from the attendant at the circulation desk of the public library, and I think Miss Loveman could afford to assert more strenuously the claims of the reviewer to speak authoritatively. He writes for the literary world, not for the general reader.

The Edinburgh Review had a platform which was well understood, and which, though it is called political, was really cultural. Has *The Saturday Review* a platform? In the older sense, no; but one who reads this anthology discovers general agreement about one or two important truths. One of these is that literary art has a broad and vital significance in American culture, and if at first sight this seems platitudinous, it means in application that the contributors have not been deluded by evanescent experimental novelties or by the heresy of the didactic, even in its newer form of a proletarian literature. The general drift of these contributions is along the line of what, for want of a better term, I shall have to call good sense. The reviews dexterously avoid entangling alliances with any particular literary cult, but they do not fail to insist upon both the human and the humane purposes of

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literary art. They have no dogma, but they do have doctrine—a doctrine to which men of good sense can rally. The only speck upon the garnered fruit is their anxious desire to be contemporary. One recurrent phrase in these essays is "in our time" and its variants. Some of the reviews are overly conscious that the bird of time is on the wing. Healthy criticism is not so delicate. One has an uneasy feeling that Saturday Reviewers are old at thirty and face senility at thirty-five.

The weakness of good sense is good nature, and the editors have good-naturedly included some 350 pages of *potpourri*—poems and prose narratives and a section of humor and satire which is, alas! not very brilliant. There were perhaps commercial reasons for these dubious matters (can it be that the editors have been casting wary glances at Freshman English courses?), but a great opportunity has been missed. If the three hundred and more pages devoted to miscellanea had been devoted to further critical excerpts, the book might not have been so representative of *The Saturday Review*, but it would have been much more representative of the criticism for which this magazine mainly exists. We might have had a really important, a really influential volume. We might have learned more fully what now we glimpse only partially—the drift of criticism during the ten years of the existence of the *Review*. I wish the editors had made no compromise with good-nature. It is more important to know how important a body of criticism is available "in our time" than it is to know that Ellis Parker Butler occasionally contributes a funny article to the magazine.

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at the University of Michigan.

Cheerful Yesterdays

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD. By Selma Lagerlöf. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

LIKE "Marbacka," the thread of which it picks up, this book is an idyll of youth. But more than a mere portrayal of fortunate childhood it is interesting for the insight it affords into the genesis of a foreordained novelist. Writing apparently was in the blood of Selma Lagerlöf—an uncle was greatly talented, an aunt had a nice gift for narration, and a cousin was one of the foremost poets of Sweden,—and at seven the child had determined to write stories. At ten, having waked one morning from a night of agony in which she dreamed that her acquaintances agreed writing was not her forte, she says: "I shall write novels when I am grown; for that is why I was born." And she feels "relieved and happy to know that this is settled . . . longing has become a fixed determination." Even in the earliest years, as she depicts them, the novelist's intensity of feeling, understanding sympathy, and perception of the moods of others are apparent in the child. She has a quick and bold imagination which turns inward upon itself as well as plays upon others, and a consuming interest in the incidents and emotions of the lives that touch her own. A sensitive child, reticent, strong-willed, and affectionate, she could weep the whole day through because forced to go to a dance, and again she could read the Bible from beginning to within a chapter of the end in the belief that God would reward the act by curing her beloved father of the illness which had brought him to death's door.

Those who have read "Marbacka" will know how winsome a portrait of home and childlife Miss Lagerlöf can draw. From this volume there again emerges the picture of an existence blessed by love of parents and relatives, of a family life nobly planned and happily lived, ample and gracious in its hospitality, close to the soil but embellished by culture and social contacts. Miss Lagerlöf has recreated her past from the point of view of childhood, rarely divesting herself of her youthful personality to slip into her older self. Her narrative, written with great simplicity, is an engaging and charming chronicle.

The Bowling Green

Granules From An Hour-Glass

Streamlines

THERE is no end to the anomalies of human species. I know a man who split without flinching the most grievous intellectual dilemmas,

And accepted sociological paradoxes that would have frightened Pareto or Nick Butler,

But always thought something was going to jump out at him

From the burners of the gas-stove.

People who dress show-windows

Wear felt moccasins and tread softly

This applies also to cabinet officers, bishops, head waiters, and magazine editors.

As the great philosopher Jules Verne said in his satire *Round the Moon:*—

"When a purely speculative discovery is announced to the public, it cannot be done with too much prudence."

I like to think of the harmless lady with excitable eyes who came into the Book Department of Halle's in Cleveland and having in the back of her mind the idea that there was some rather special word used by literary people in bookstores said to Dorothy Sinks who was then working there *"Do you mind if I graze?"*

An Adventure at Dusk

Sir:—With joy and astonishment I have sometimes "Discovered" an author that no one led me to, coming upon him with miraculous suddenness among the "fallen." A lasting regret is my failure to acquire *Old Junk* for 69c, even though it charmed me, because I had not heard of Tomlinson and feared to risk that much on an unknown.

My introduction to Tomlinson was a real experience. One warm summer evening, homebound from work to an empty house, I was reading his chapter about an air raid over London, when the street car ran over a toy-pistol cap placed by a child on the track. I have seldom gone up in the air with so perfect a shock.

Arrived home, I left the door ajar to cool the house, and sat a few feet away with my fascinating new find. Dusk settled down—everything was still,—when I became startlingly aware of a presence in the room with me, and in alarm glanced up. A half-size cat had poked her head in at the door. I will take oath at this distance that her face measured two feet and a half across, including whiskers, and at least two feet high.

I have been fond of Tomlinson ever since.

Mary McWilliams.

Seattle, Wash.

Leotard

Sir:—Leotard was veritably the original Man on the Flying Trapeze. He was also an Added Attraction, for two performances only, with a production of Dion Boucicault's "After Dark" at the Boston Theatre, November, 1868. To quote from Tompkins and Kilby's "History of the Boston Theatre 1854-1901" (Houghton, 1908): "On November 4 the regular company produced Boucicault's drama 'After Dark,' an added feature for the second week being Leotard, the originator of the flying trapeze. Leotard appeared at but two performances, it being announced the next day that he had sprained his ankle at rehearsal. His apparatus was packed up and he sailed for home, but the supposition was that as the flying trapeze was no longer a novelty, he did not make the hit that he had expected, and showed his disappointment in this manner. 'After Dark' ran two weeks and was followed by another week of the regular company in 'The Lancashire Lass,' with Mr. Thorne as a Party by the Name of Johnson."

Don't thank me; thank the inexhaustible Theatrical Collection of the New York Public Library. One afternoon last summer while waiting for George Freedley, its curator, to send me some Bernhardt scrapbooks to mull over, I ran across this reference to Leotard (and portrait, complete with a splendid moustache).

In a recent Bowling Green I mistakenly credited Doyle's "Round the Fire Stories" to McClure Phillips. I was away from the home base at the time of writing. I should have said Doubleday Page. McClure Phillips, however, did turn out a fascinating library in uniform blue, which included "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Return," "Monsieur Dupin," "The Picaroons," "The Reign of Queen Iseyl," and others.

Earle F. Walbridge.

New York City.

Studies on Baker Street

The Speckled Band, the play about Sherlock Holmes written by Conan Doyle himself (the drama known as *Sherlock Holmes* was written by William Gillette) should be a Must item for the Baker Street Irregulars. (It is published by Samuel French, 25 West 45, and can be had for 75 cents in their paper-bound Acting Edition.) It offers many interesting speculations for the Holmesian researcher. In any imaginative reconstruction of the famous sitting room at 221 B Baker Street we must certainly take into account the diagram printed in this book showing the arrangement of the stage-setting. This was presumably plotted by Sir Arthur himself at the time of the first production (Adelphi Theatre, London, June 4, 1910.) There are several surprises, notably that above the fireplace is indicated a large settee. ("6 ft. double-ended Chesterfield couch" says the Property Plot.) This is sad, for we had always liked to think of the two armchairs before the hearth, and did not Watson once say that Holmes always kept them so anticipating a visit from the Doctor? More serious still, in the long list of props and furnishings drawn up by Doyle for the sitting-room scene—with "amorous precision," we must suppose—there is no gasogene, no tantalus. And where is the work-table for chemical experiments?

Perhaps after Dr. Watson left Baker Street the landlady, Mrs. Hudson, became more actively supervisory in cleaning the room. I seem to detect her hand in the Property Plot where we are told that there are "four books" on the center table, "four books" on the occasional table in the window recess, and "four books bound in red" on the mantelpiece. That mechanical neatness of disposition was surely not Holmes. One of the volumes, of course, was Winwood Reade's *Martyrdom of Man*. What were the others? Clark Russell, undoubtedly; and if only it had been published in time, Dr. Watson would have had Lyman Stowe's *Saints, Sinners, and Beechers*.

There is, I repeat, much material in the play of *The Speckled Band* for Mr. Vincent Starrett, Mr. Elmer Davis and other students. There are interesting inconsistencies between the cast of characters listed for the original production and the text of the play as printed. One character, a Mrs. Soames, who had an "American stamped envelope and newspaper cutting" in the Property Plot, has vanished altogether. Who was Mrs. Soames? Dr. Grimesby Roylott of the story becomes Rylott in the play; his stepdaughters Helen and Julia Stoner become Enid and Violet Stonor. Best of all, we observe that it was Dr. Rylott's old butler who was perhaps the first to utter a very contemporary phrase. Of the brutal doctor he ejaculates: "What a man! What a man!"

You will be excited to learn (at least I hope you will) that Dr. Watson's fiancée, Miss Morstan, had red hair.

I leave these matters to be followed up in detail by the experts. But I wish I could get hold of the text of the William Gillette play—apparently it has not been published in this country.

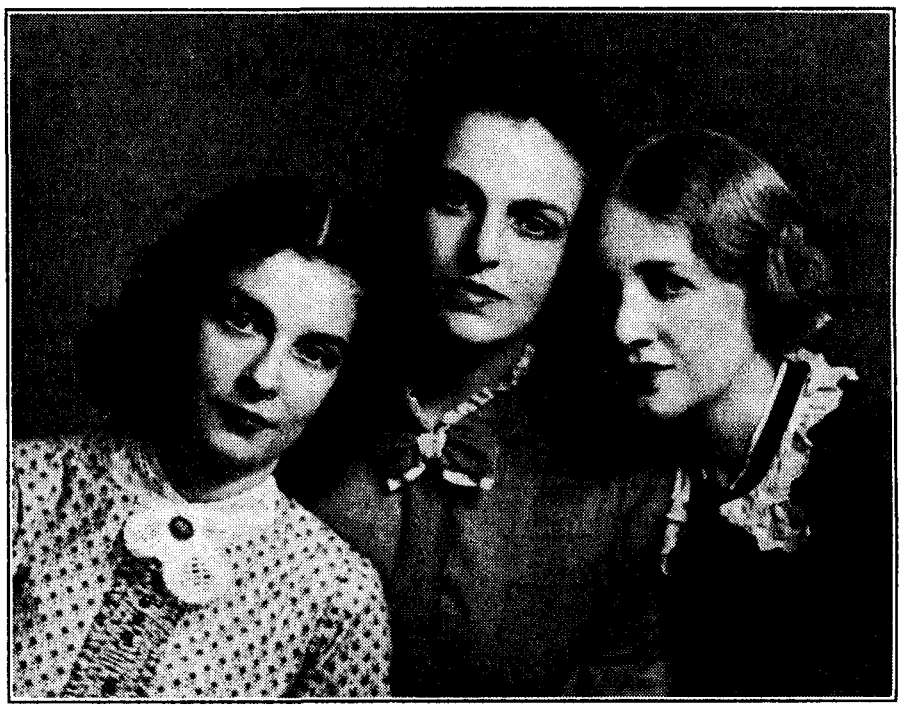
Good Digestion

On page 8 of *The New Dealers*, "Unofficial Observer" makes some sensible remarks on the importance of a good digestion in the careers of statesmen. "Historians rarely pay attention to this neglected fundamental in politics," says U. O., and goes on to applaud Franklin Roosevelt's "metabolic equipment." He says "Those who have seen Roosevelt at the dinner-table and have caught the spirit of Low Country gusto with which he addresses himself to his victuals can understand the enormous energy, enthusiasm and zest for life which characterize him.'

This thought is highly approved by the Three Hours for Lunch Club. There is an interesting parallel in *The Smith of Smiths*, Hesketh Pearson's biography of Sydney Smith. We read:—

> The older he grew the more convinced he became that "digestion is the great secret of life, and that character, talents, virtues and qualities, are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust, and rich soups." All the miseries of body and mind proceeded from indigestion, and young people should be taught the moral, intellectual and physical evils of it. He believed that old friendships could be destroyed by toasted cheese, that lobster followed by tart could bring on an abnormal state of depression, that suicide had been caused by hard salted meat, and that a morsel of indigestible food was enough to produce a pessimistic outlook on life. To keep healthy and therefore happy, one must follow the common rules: exercise without fatigue, generous living without excess, early rising and moderation in sleeping.

Christopher Morley.



ANN, EMILY, AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË
(*Edith Barrett, Helen Gahagan, Frances Starr, in Dan Totheroh's "Moor Born"*)

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Book Code Signed

(*Continued from first page*)

book trade. Booksellers have been trying to get legal protection against price-cutting for thirty years. As long as price maintenance, in any form, was regarded as restraint of trade, the question was academic. Hopes raised by the New Deal had seemed finally and irrevocably dashed at the Booksellers' Code Hearing in Washington no longer ago than February 3 (reported in *The Saturday Review*, February 10).

It is therefore a significant news item that the Booksellers' Code has been signed with the hundred per cent endorsement of the Consumers' Advisory Board. Just how significant the news is can probably not yet be determined. It involves the question of department store policy, already referred to. The second question is, what do other branches of the book business think of price maintenance? Will it benefit publishers, authors, the book trade in general? Third, what is the significance of the booksellers' code in the operation of N. R. A.? Has N. R. A. set a precedent in approving book price maintenance, or made an exception? Or is this an extension of the same policy that allowed minimum prices in the dry cleaners' code?

Most important of all is the question, will book price maintenance benefit the reading public? For years you have been able to buy a new book, published and advertised for sale at $2.50, somewhere between $1.44 and $1.98. The government now says, in effect, "You cannot make this saving unless the book you buy is six months old. Bookstores are cultural institutions of value to their communities, and must be protected."

Is the customer paying for this protection? No, say the booksellers. You never really saved on cut-price books; the store had to make it up on other articles. Also, they say, price-cutting was driving them out of business. This would have meant a heavy financial drain on publishers; it might in time have led to a serious curtailment of publishing: to the inability of authors to find publishers for worthy manuscripts; to the inability of readers to find a supply of books worth reading.

What exactly does the booksellers' code provide? First, that trade books cannot be sold at retail below publishers' list prices for six months after publication. Also, books published between January and July 1 are protected through the following Christmas buying season; thus books published early in January cannot be sold below list price for almost a year. The importance of this provision can be understood with reference to the seasonal character of the book business: according to the Cheney Survey, 21.4% of all bookstore sales for an average year are made in December; almost a third in November and December together. The provision is retroactive to books published on or after October 14, 1933. Books beyond the time limit of protection are subject to the provision of the General Retail Code, against the sale of any merchandise at a price lower than wholesale cost plus ten per cent.

Exempt from this provision are books published by mail order houses and sold direct to the customer by mail; also book club selections, and book club "dividends" if in special editions. Other exceptions include books sold to libraries, schools, or other public institutions.

The code also provides, with exceptions, against the use of books as premiums. Of the committees created, the most important is the Administrators' Price Control Committee, representing booksellers, publishers, and authors. This committee will have the important function of reviewing complaints on list prices and discounts. It will act as a check on attempts to raise the price level of books.

The elimination of price-cutting may more readily stimulate a lower price level than a higher. In the past, it has been possible for publishers to fix a price of, say, three dollars for a book, knowing that to a considerable number of the purchasers, the price would actually be around $2.15. To the most price-conscious purchasers, the high list price was not a deterrent as long as they could get the book at a reduction. From now on the efficient publisher must consider the price-conscious reader more carefully, and keep prices as low as manufacturing costs allow.

In any case, as Harold Guinzberg said, in support of the booksellers' code at a post-conference hearing in Washington on March 20, "Nobody has to buy a book in order to read it." There are always public libraries and rental libraries. This is a significant and automatic check on the possibility of unreasonable book prices.

Mr. Guinzberg spoke in behalf of the Literary Guild, joining forces with the Book-of-the-Month Club and the mail-order publishers in favor of the booksellers' struggle for retail price maintenance. This is a complete reversal of the stand they took in February. At that time the exemption of the book club selections and mail order books from the price maintenance provision had not been contemplated. These are now exempt by the code definition of "trade books," as books published for sale through retail stores. Whatever the reason, there is no doubt that the change in attitude of these houses has been of great value to the booksellers.

Is the booksellers' code a good thing for the book business in general? There are several questions involved. It is almost certain that sales of books by the department stores which have made a practice of price-cutting, will drop. Will the sales of books in bookstores increase sufficiently to overcome this? Publishers whom we have had an opportunity to consult are of the opinion that the code will eventually result in increased business.

Alfred A. Knopf says, "It will be the best single thing that has ever happened to the book business if and when Macy's comes into line."

Doubleday, Doran & Co. "highly approve of the booksellers' code, and will comply with its provisions in all of their various departments and subsidiary companies. The general feeling at Garden City is that the passage of the code will work great benefit to the book business as a whole, that the code will do much to help solve certain problems that had grown out of the general situation, but nevertheless endangered the existence of the bookshop as a community source of culture, education, and the distribution of literature."

Farrar and Rinehart, publishers of "Anthony Adverse," are of a similar opinion: "The booksellers' code is the most constructive accomplishment of the book business in years. We believe it will unquestionably be of benefit to the book business in general."

Mr. George Brett, Jr., president of the Macmillan Company, says, "The code will benefit the bookseller and the public. People will be steered into bookstores, where they will have the opportunity to select books beyond the ephemeral best-sellers featured by the department stores. Booksellers can now operate at a profit, pay their bills, and make a living. There can be no recovery without giving business a chance to make a profit, however small. Bookstores will now be able to stock a more varied assortment of books, and publishers can issue serious books of permanent value with better facilities for selling them."

These statements make clear the point that solvent, well-run bookstores are the paramount necessity of the book business. The code may influence the bookstore system in several ways. By making profitable operations easier for the existing bookseller, it will enable him to pay *better salaries for a more efficient staff.* It may attract new capital and ability into the business of bookselling, since bookselling now shows promise of rewarding capital and ability. Simultaneously, it may encourage the entry into bookselling of inefficiency and inexperience—of literary inclinations combined with bad business sense—because a keen element of competition has been removed. It is too early to make predictions among these possibilities, except to say that we may expect new bookstores of both kinds, with success and permanence favoring the former.

Another point: the price-cutting practices of department stores have endowed books in general and books in particular with considerable publicity, putting the book business in the news to an extent otherwise inconceivable. Has this publicity, which will now presumably disappear, been valuable or harmful? The answer is probably both, and no one knows in what proportions. Many people have no doubt read books which otherwise they would not have heard of. Also, many people have derived an indelible impression that the book trade is chaotic, that prices mean nothing, that booksellers who sell at list prices are profiteers (!).

The elimination of price-cutting on new

(*Continued on page 655*)

DEATH OF A GHOST

The N. Y. TIMES says . . .

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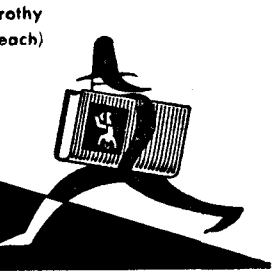

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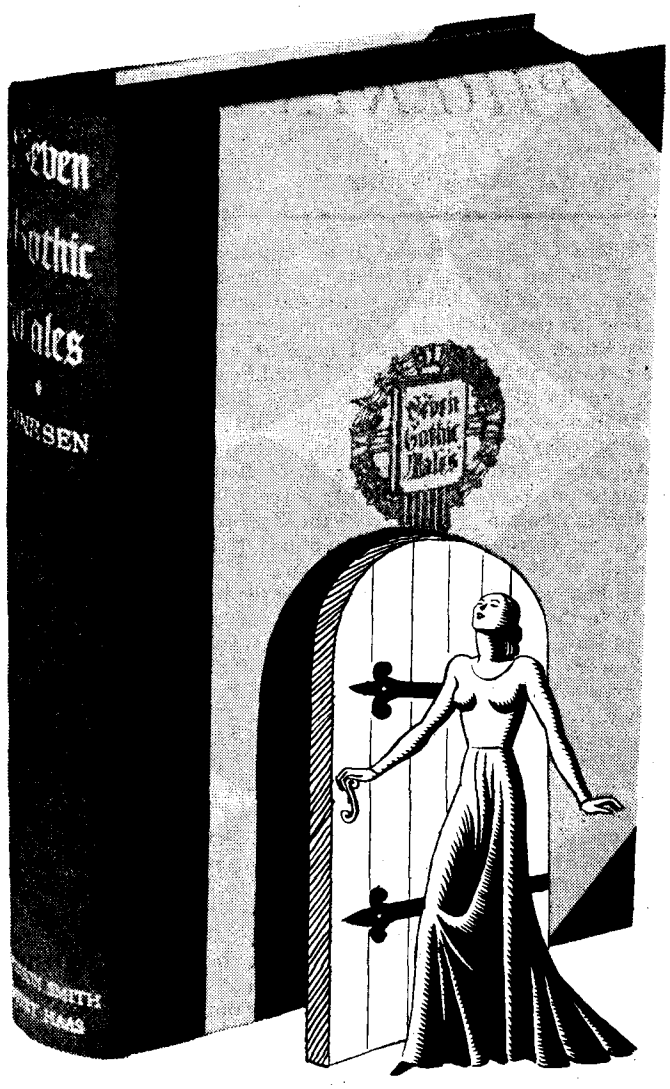

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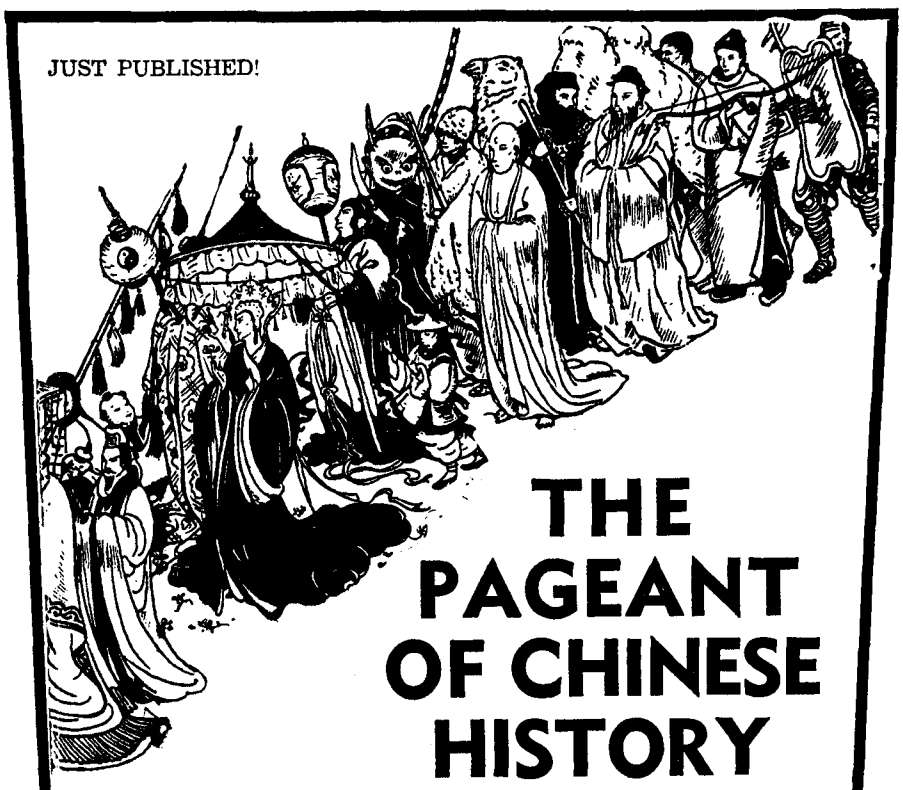

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OUT in Honolulu, *Clifford Gessler,* who is Literary Editor of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin,* sends me occasional literary news from his part of the world. He has recently sailed on an eighty-foot sampan with a scientific party from the Bishop Museum and the University of Hawaii to visit Fanning Island, the Tuamoto and Austral Islands, Pitcairn, etc., returning in August or September. Mr. Gessler is an interesting poet, as well as an editor, and should accumulate some good material on his voyage. . . . While *Carl Sandburg* was in Honolulu last month, he said he had written about 600,000 words of his forthcoming volume, "The War Years" of the Lincoln biography, which is his life-work. Asked about a new book of poetry, he replied, "When a man has published five books of verse, he goes slow on the sixth." *W. D. Westervelt* of Honolulu gave Carl a copy of the now rare biography of *Lincoln* in the Hawaiian language, "Abrahama Linekona." . . . An unusual feature of Sandburg's recitals in Honolulu was the recording of all but one of his programs by electrical transcription through the efforts of *Professor Miyaki* of the physics department of the University of Hawaii. This is believed to be the first time Sandburg's poems and songs have been so recorded, though he has made eight records for *Victor,* and also possibly the first time a speaker has been recorded in that manner while actually addressing an audience. . . . *Guy Holt,* head of Whittlesey House, told me the other night that when he lived out on Long Island he possessed two ducks (neither was a drake) that always followed him around the garden marching exactly three paces right flank rear and turning corners with military precision. In the moonlight their plumage, he avouches, was as beautiful as that of the swan. They insisted upon accompanying him as an escort whenever he went for a stroll . . . *Hamish Miles,* now the editor of the English magazine *Life and Letters,* 10, Great Queen Street, London, W. C. 2, is an old friend of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* a distinguished translator, and a most astute critic of current literature. A magazine under his editorship may be heartily recommended. . . . *T. S. Stribling* is contributing the first serial ever written by an author of his calibre directly for the radio. His series will be called "Conflict" and is the story of the fight between the railroads and the steamboats for control of the Tennessee river-trade. It is being broadcast by the Columbia Broadcasting Company on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 10:30 Eastern time over a coast to coast hook-up. It started on April 10th. Mr. Stribling's latest book, "Unfinished Cathedral" is the Literary Guild choice for June. This is the first book he has written since the Pulitzer Prize winner, "The Store." . . . *F. Marion Crawford's* sister, *Mrs. Winthrop Chanler,* now in her seventies, has written a book of memoirs of over a hundred thousand words which the Atlantic Monthly Press is to publish, and which I hear is quite fascinating. Mrs. Chanler spent her youth in Rome and came, either through family connections or her own personal charm, to know practically everyone worth knowing both in Europe and in this country whither she repaired after her marriage. A linguist with friends in all the capitals, a musician who was at *Liszt's* birthday party, a personal friend of *Henry Adams, Mrs. Lodge, "T. R.," Henry James, Edith Wharton,* etc., Mrs. Chanler brought to whatever society she was in cultivation and crystal-clear judgment. . . . *John Masefield,* whose "The Bird of Dawning" was so well received, is writing another novel of the sea which Macmillan will publish in the Fall. . . . An unusual short novel that Macmillan has procured is "Dew on the Grass," by *Miss Eiluned Lewis,* who is literary editor of the *London Times. Charles Morgan,* author of "The Fountain," has written an introduction to the story, in which he likens it to *Kenneth Grahame's* work. I don't know the date of publication—probably the Fall. . . . *George Milburn,* one of America's most promising short story writers—if you didn't read "No More Trumpets," you shouldn't miss it!—spent this winter at Wilton, Connecticut, but is now moving back to his native Oklahoma where he hopes to get more work done and to cut down living expenses. . . . Speaking of Oklahoma, my friend *Welborn Hope,* out there, writes me that he has emerged from his winter dugout into the sunshine of Spring. I hope he is forging ahead with his epic of the old Santa Fé trail. . . . One of the *Saturday Review's* other editors has gone wild with delight over a book to be out the beginning of May, "Zoo Cavalcade," by *E. G. Boulenger* (Dutton). It is evidently a remarkable account of the history of the Zoo, from the time of the ancient Egyptians to the present. Animals were first kept, of course, as religious symbols. Among the most recent developments has been the evolution, from lion and tiger, of a beast called the tigon, about twice as big as either! . . . The English Association, whose President is *Laurence Binyon,* at present Charles Eliot Norton Professor at Harvard, has compiled an anthology of poetry, "The Modern Muse," which includes not only British and American poets but Australian, South African, Canadian, New Zealand, Ceylon, and Irish Free State poets. The present anthology is a sequel to "Poems of To-day," which is said to have had the largest sale of any anthology in the history of publishing—350,000 of the First Series and 132,000 of the Second. . . . *Harry Davis,* editor of *The Little Magazine,* 727 Greenwich Street, this city, thinks the little magazine in general is today having its hour in the sun, not being dedicated to hokum and kindred nonsense. There are about twenty of these small publications now that amount to something. The reason for these individualistic efforts can be found, thinks Mr. Davis, in the Depression. . . . Longmans, Green have been over a month now at 114 Fifth Avenue, instead of 55, their late number. Their small conference and company-tea room boasts a mural by *John Gincano.* It shows St. Paul's and Paternoster Row from the corner of Ave Maria Lane and Amen Court about a century ago. One end of the wall, as yet unfinished, will depict New York harbor with the Longmans, Green trade-mark ship coming into port. . . . An interesting additional fact is that the Oxford University Press, who are also at 114 Fifth Avenue, are likewise neighbors of Longmans, Green in London! . . . *Eleanor Glenn Wallis* of Baltimore, Maryland, sends me the following set of verses, which may or may not be appropriate to Spring:

POLECATS

By ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS

These have unsuspected graces:
Charming pussy-willow faces;
Manes of silver, weather-tossed;
Whiskers that are white as frost;
Sloping, oriental eyes,
And paws upheld petition-wise.

If we handle them with mittens
Wilful, aromatic kittens
Are as calm as any pet
Who purrs upon a pillow, yet
A woodland pussy in a passion
Employs a fragrance not in fashion.

Under the new dispensation life has become complicated for the speakeasy addict, and Covici, Friede have put out a book designed for both New Yorkers and visitors, with carefully listed material and valuable indexes, as a guide to dining and wining in New York at three hundred and sixty-five different restaurants suitable to every mood and to every purse. The author is *George Ross,* who conducts the column, "Tips on Tables," in the New York *World Telegram.* His book is called, strangely enough, "Tips on Tables," and he can be said literally to have eaten his way around our great city. He gives you French, English, Italian, German, Yiddish, Spanish, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, Armenian, Russian, Hungarian, Hindu, and even American restaurants; places with music and without, etc., etc. The book will reward your search with many names of fine, familiar places, but also with quite as many "discoveries" worth trying. . . . The Century Play Company of 1440 Broadway has installed *Norman H. White, Jr.,* for five years editor-in-chief of Small, Maynard & Company, and for the past four years a New York literary agent, as head of its newly established literary department. This firm tells me that *Frances Winwar,* author of "Poor, Splendid Wings" is now writing historical—not hysterical! —short stories for the magazines.

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The New Books

Art

RAPHAEL AND THE MODERN USE OF THE CLASSICAL TRADITION. By Sir Charles Holmes. Dutton. 1934. $2.50.

The sudden emergence of Raphael as a great master of monumental design is the problem of this weighty little book. Nothing in the Florentine years had given any promise of such an amazing development. Indeed the early studies seemed to end in a kind of bankruptcy, in the false and theatrical Deposition.

It was the assimilation, at Rome, of the principles of Hellenistic figure painting that brought about the miracle. One likes to recall that Giotto's Roman observations wrought a comparable broadening of style over two centuries earlier. By a remarkable act of intuition, for the few antique paintings that Raphael saw were at best pale derivatives, he learned the reasonable ratio of figures to setting and accessories, in heroic design; the cardinal principles and rhythms of composition; the means of exploiting in the most various ways the latent grandeur of the human form, thus working out a method which remains permanently available for the painter who seeks monumentality.

The thesis is developed with Sir Charles Holmes's characteristic quiet distinction and persuasiveness. It is a book as important for the painter as for the historically bent reader. We ourselves feel that the contributory influence of such older contemporaries as Leonardo and Fra Bartolommeo is inadequately recognized. Such influences would hardly have raised Raphael to his ultimate heights, but without them as elementary preparation, he would scarcely have mastered so readily the syntax of classical design.

F. J. M.

Fiction

WING OF FAME. By Louise Wallace Hackney. Appleton-Century. 1934. $2.50.

The life and deeds of James Smithson, the man who left half a million dollars to found the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, would not seem to offer the most likely material for a historical novel. A vague impression of eighteenth century science and considerable indifference no doubt fill even the well-informed mind at the mention of his name, and actually little is known about him, though he enjoyed a certain reputation even before making his bequest. Born about 1765, the problem of his parentage has never been fully solved, though he considered himself to be a natural son of the first Duke of Northumberland. He was brought up in France, educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, inherited a large sum of money, lived like any other rich young man of his day until he turned to science and became in 1787 a Fellow of the Royal Society. Later he was in France again during the Revolution, and died at Genoa in 1829, somewhat inexplicably leaving his fortune to the United States, a country he had never visited. After ten years' characteristic debate and hesitation the American Congress accepted the gift, and the present Institution is the result.

Miss Hackney's book is therefore something of a *tour de force,* but considered purely as a novel it is both conventional and naive. As in the play written by Max Beerbohm's Savonarola Brown, all the great figures of the period, whom Smithson may or may not have met, appear suitably costumed in its pages. The procession includes such diverse types as Blake, Cavendish, Robespierre, and Benjamin Franklin. Miss Hackney settles the question of the bequest by furnishing her hero with an American wife, secretly married during the Revolution in Paris, in whose memory the scientist is inspired to make his curious gesture. The better portion of the book reads like a competent but not over-accurate juvenile, were it not for the emphasis placed on Smithson's purely imaginary love-affairs.

T. P., Jr.

WITHOUT ARMOR. By James Hilton. Morrow. 1934. $2.50.

A young Englishman, masquerading as a Russian in the British intelligence service, runs afoul the pre-war Russian police and is exiled to Siberia. Here, the Revolution overtakes him and makes him, after many adventures, a Commissar in charge of an arrested White Refugee, a former Countess. The pair fall in love and the greater part of Mr. Hilton's romantic story concerns their efforts to escape from Red Russia.

The things that happen to "A. J." are frequently melodramatic, but the author writes with such sincerity and his Russian background is so authentic and frequently has such an air of having been obtained first-hand, that the novel often gives the illusion of an actual biography. It is an entertaining yarn, even if the pathos and glamour of lovely Russian ladies crushed by the Revolution begins to date a bit.

MEN ARE UNWISE. By Ethel Mannin. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

There are themes in this novel which should produce a powerful book, but for some reason a real or moving strength is not achieved. The young husband and wife, whose courtship and marriage open the story, are each too obviously the expression of a certain idea in the author's mind; and the outcome of Kathleen's possessiveness and of Donald's semi-absorption in an unrealized life-long dream of mountain-climbing is too easily foreseen, and is developed, also, in rather shallow and unoriginal ways. Indeed, Kathleen does not long remain credible or human in her resentful and childish blocking of her husband's deep desire. The reader receives Donald's unhappiness and rebellion as the expected dénouement, but is at first puzzled when mountain-sickness humiliates and balks him as at last he reaches his longed-for holiday in the Alps—a half-hearted Kathleen beside him.

Here, however, is the author's most interesting material, but she reveals and develops it only in brief touches well toward the close of the book. The vertigo is evidently psychological—as is sug-

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
PORTRAIT OF A MURDERER *Anne Meredith* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2)	Adrian Gray, with six children living, murdered at English country home on Christmas eve. Wrong person convicted. Lawyer brother-in-law solves crime.	Murderer known by own journal from beginning of Part II. Interest in various characters in a horrid family and in feelings of well-drawn murderer.	Very good of its kind
THE MURDER ON FIFTH AVENUE *Claudia Cranston* (Lippincott: $2)	Great department store is knee-deep in suspects when murder lays low hated style expert and love-thief.	Copy-writer author knows personnel and background, from merchandise managers to lingerie models, but spins clumsy yarn.	Dud
THE RIDDLE OF THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS *E. S. Liddon* (Crime Club: $2)	Baby-faced blonde with brains tracks down her author cousin's murderer in conventionally peopled summer villa outside New York.	Catherine the Great's brooch, fake Russian aristocracy, a dagger, table tipping, provide clues and red herrings but no great excitement.	Mildly average
LETTERS OF MARQUE *Albert Payson Terhune* (Harpers: $2)	Treasure hoard in Ramapos objective of various inimical hunters: Finally found through typical Terhune collie.	No bloodshed—except a dog-bite or two. Stealthy footsteps, much rushing around and a happy ending.	Readable

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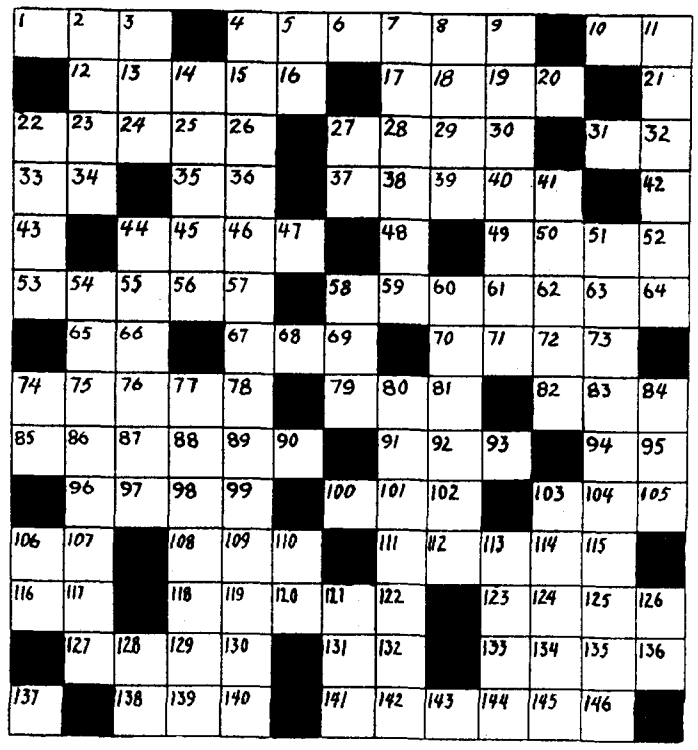
Double-Crostics: Number 4

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.



DEFINITIONS

I. 39-76-92-68-32. Destination of Solomon's fleet.
II. 58-100-62-87-46. A quick, nimble movement.
III. 18-48-25-103-4-94-138-79-110-107. Not quite bright (comp.)
IV. 93-118-35-23. A dish of many ingredients.
V. 44-65-54-114-97-37-71-77. Taffy, but not a Welshman.
VI. 98-51-34-49-74-86-1. A Book of the Bible.
VII. 13-41-82-6-99. Awe-inspiring; uncanny.
VIII. 21-137-143-38-88-43-10-64-2-17-112-129. Penny-wise (comp.).
IX. 67-24-15-27. Describes money paid for peace and quiet.
X. 59-70-83-8-145-73. Site of the oldest State university.
XI. 5-135-130-120-105-55. Marked by regret.
XII. 29-117-14-146-101-36-133. Fresh, blossoming.
XIII. 19-108-139-91-28-142-121. Across obliquely.
XIV. 50-111-33-106-89. Wet grounds for a German picnic.
XV. 26-119-136-16. Important bones of a Negro.
XVI. 128-63-96-22-53-85. To be heard in church.
XVII. 11-81-7-109-126-57-127-132-102-20. Lowest.
XVIII. 66-72-123-60-78. Not long ago; afresh.
XIX. 42-134. Lady into heifer (Hera was jealous of her).
XX. 52-104-31. Pledge, engagement.
XXI. 56-12-113. One of her sons was a murderer.
XXII. 90-124-140-61-45-95-141. Emitting moist vapor.
XXIII. 69-80-3-131-30. One third of the three little pigs.
XXIV. 75-115-122. One of the gods of Asgard.
XXV. 125-144-9-116. A sudden migration.
XXVI. 84-47-40. Lovers pray for it.

WORDS

I. _____
II. _____
III. _____
IV. _____
V. _____
VI. _____
VII. _____
VIII. _____
IX. _____
X. _____
XI. _____
XII. _____
XIII. _____
XIV. _____
XV. _____
XVI. _____
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XVIII. _____
XIX. _____
XX. _____
XXI. _____
XXII. _____
XXIII. _____
XXIV. _____
XXV. _____
XXVI. _____

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 3)

BEN JONSON—"A PINDARIC ODE"

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

gested by Donald's wiser and more sophisticated friend, the man who has always shared his mountain dreams. It is the result of the conflict in his mind between his own desires and the restraints of the wife whom he has genuinely loved. Kathleen remains rather a puppet to the end, but Donald now becomes a more real person in this struggle and humiliation. The conflict, however, is too great for him, and another visit to the Alps, this time alone with his friend, leads to a tragic close. The descriptions of the mountains and of the climbs are well handled and lend much interest to the book; there is more reality and much better writing here than in the longer and slightly monotonous sections laid in London. The novel will interest many readers, even though it misses the attainment of real distinction both in its literary style and in the handling of material which is yet good in itself. M. C. D.

SO STOOD I. By Jane Culver. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. $2.

The three children about whom this narrative centers are consumed by the desire to grow up and become sophisticated. But the author pokes no gentle fun at them for this. On the contrary, she takes their efforts as seriously as if she were their own age; and at the end, she seems to imply that they have achieved their goal; though to the reader they seem only to have reached an early-high-school maturity.

Miss Culver's book is written in a lisping, staccato style, half playful in an odd, affected way, and wholly sentimental. The heroine receives many fond verbal pats on the head. Chief among the nursery habits and ideas so struggled against by her is an unconvincingly described condition of mind which the author considers a "belief" in "God." It is difficult, however, to credit the implication that any child's understanding could possibly be so empty of all meaning and dignity.

We cannot help believing this foolish little book misrepresents the author. Behind her present attitudes there certainly are indications that she can discern personality; and if so, she can in time interpret life. These indications appear best in the impressionistic sketches of the children's parents. Perhaps in the course of time she will write a book in which the very same adolescent notions which are here so greenly purveyed, shall have been mellowed by time and perspective into the material for a delightful current of humor.

S. N. C.

Miscellaneous

WINES, THEIR SELECTION, CARE, AND SERVICE. By Julian Street. Knopf. $2.

THE SAVOY COCKTAIL BOOK. Compiled by Harry Craddock of the Savoy Hotel, London. Simon & Schuster. 1934. $2.50.

THE OLD WALDORF-ASTORIA BAR BOOK. By Albert Stevens Crockett. Dodd, Mead. 1934. $1.75.

Now that we have with us again that civilized accompaniment of any meal, a good wine, Mr. Street is the ideal type of person to give the survivor of prohibition—he of the ruined palate and oxidized insides—a few straight tips on what he has been missing in the way of wine, and how to take advantage of the new era of good feeling. In its front-matter his book bears a map of the wine country abroad. There is also a chart of vintage years since 1915. Mr. Street gives a condensed history of wine, and discusses the wines of France, of Germany, of Italy, together with sherry, madeira, port, tokay, and American wines. He also tells you a lot about the purchase, care, and serving of wines, discusses what wine goes with what food, and gives pointers on luncheons, dinners, and suppers with wine. Mr. Street is a thoroughly satisfactory sort of gourmet, and you can trust his judgment. Incidentally, among the other books of Mr. Street's publisher are volumes by P. Morton Shand, Allan Taylor, Philip M. Wagner, and others which will be valuable additions to your wine library if you are going to study wine intensively.

Wine experts are inclined to decry the cocktail as a barbarous American innovation, but nevertheless, here are two good cocktail books, one English and one American—the standbys of famous hotels—the still greatly flourishing Savoy in London, and the old Waldorf of now blessed memory in New York's past. But neither book is limited to cocktails. Each gives you the recipes for lots of mixed drinks also. The Savoy book is amusingly illustrated, and has a special supplement on wines, prefaced by an interesting disquisition by "Colette." But the American book ranges as far as Cuban concoctions and Jamaican jollifiers. Some of the mixed drinks it records constitute a marvelous medley. With these two books on your sideboard, or in your kitchenette, you should never be found at a loss to provide your friends with a new sensation.

W. R. B.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archeology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

ART

English Water-Colours. L. Binyon. Macmillan. $2.50. *English Needlework.* A. F. Kendrick. Macmillan. $2.50. *English Pottery and Porcelain.* W. B. Honey. Macmillan. $2.50. *Best Fifty Currier and Ives Lithographs.* Small folio size. New York: Old Print Shop. $1.

BIOGRAPHY

Evangels of Reform. M. B. Smith, New York: Round Table Press. $2.50.

EDUCATION

Essentials of French Pronunciation. J. T. Fotos and J. L. Cattell. Scribners.

GOVERNMENT

New Governments in Europe. Ed. R. L. Buell. Nelson. $2.50.

HISTORY

The Constitution of Iowa. B. F. Shambaugh. State Historical Society of Iowa. *The American People and Their Government.* A. J. Lien and M. Fainson. Appleton-Century.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Profession of Forestry. A. D. Read. Macmillan. $1.25. *A History of Mathematics in America before* 1900. D. E. Smith and J. Ginsburg. Chicago: Open Court. $2. *You Must Relax.* E. Jacobson, M. D. Whittlesey. $1.50. *"Saddle Up." Capt. F. C. Hitchcock. Scribners.* $3.75.

PAMPHLETS

T. N. T. C. M. Bristol. T. N. T. Distributors. 3204 East Burnside Street, Portland, Ore. *Fourth Yearbook: The Social Studies Curriculum.* Phila. McKinley. *With Padre Kino on the Trail.* F. C. Lockwood. Univ. of Arizona. *André Malraux and "Man's Fate."* H. Chevalier. Smith & Haas.

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

I would, if I cou'd,
If I cou'dn't, how cou'd I?
I cou'dn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I?

THAT'S the way we feel when we regard a letter that has come to us (alas, that came to us some time ago) from a Canadian correspondent who is desirous of making a study of the nineteenth century. If we had space and time we would present her with a long list of titles in history, biography, science, art, and literature that would give her detailed insight into what to us at least is one of the more fascinating periods of history, but as it is, accusing conscience keeps us awake at night when we think of the mass of Clearing House correspondence still waiting its turn for attention, so we'll perforce give *N. E. M. of Montreal, Canada,* a list of books designed merely to serve as an introduction to the era.

In 1901, just as the new century got under way, the *New York Evening Post* printed a voluminous supplement to which a group of experts in all fields contributed brief but authoritative articles that together constituted a review of progress during the preceding hundred years in the chief departments of human activity. The symposium was shortly thereafter issued in book form under the title, THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Putnams), and though it is now out of print, it is still available in libraries. We have it before us as we write, and the cursory glance we have just cast through it confirms the belief derived from reading it some years ago that it is an excellent taking off point for further study. Here, in brief compass, is the nineteenth century in its principal aspects; to tell its whole story would, as the editors say, "consume all the time of the twentieth," but they have managed to present the sort of view that the wayfarer who pauses on a hilltop to orientate himself in the landscape secures.

Having secured a general impression of the century from this volume N. E. M. might turn next for more detailed treatment of its European political and social phases to W. A. Phillips's MODERN EUROPE, 1815 TO 1899 in Arthur Hassell's PERIODS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY (Macmillan), and for its cultural aspects to Merz's HISTORY OF EUROPEAN THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Univ. of Chicago Press), a two-volume work, the first part of which is devoted to the annals of science, and the second to those of philosophy, literature, art, and religion. THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY (Macmillan), not so good as some of the others in the series, can nevertheless be counted on for a succinct presentation of the events and trends of the period. So far as America is concerned, if N. E. M. is willing to tackle a large order she can trace the course of nineteenth century development by turning for the earlier half of the century to those volumes of John Bach McMaster's HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES (Appleton-Century), which cover the years from the beginning of the century to the outbreak of the Civil War, and for the second half to Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR (Macmillan) and James Ford Rhodes's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE COMPROMISE OF 1850 (Macmillan). This last work, originally projected to carry its chronicle only to 1897, has supplementary volumes (not so good as the earlier ones) covering the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Lytton Strachey's name, of course, pops into mind at once as soon as the nineteenth century is mentioned. Doughty iconoclast that he was, his QUEEN VICTORIA and EMINENT VICTORIANS (Harcourt, Brace) are still pungent, if no longer sensational, reading. For the second half of the century, these books together with Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's THOSE EARNEST VICTORIANS (Morrow), furnish an excellent insight into English modes of thought and social reaction. For a general survey of European literature in the nineteenth century Georg Brandes's MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE (Liveright), which traces the trends in Germany, France and England, is a valuable work, as is also Saintsbury's A HISTORY OF NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE (Macmillan). N. E. M. would also find interesting Leon Daudet's STUPID NINETEENTH CENTURY (Harcourt, Brace). For America she can turn to such works as Thomas Beer's MAUVE DECADE (Doubleday, Doran) and William H. Hale's A CHALLENGE TO DEFEAT (Harcourt, Brace) for spirited discussion of certain epochs. Another work that presents the century in the perspective of history is Gilbert Seldes's THE STAMMERING CENTURY (Day). For a brief introduction to the arts of the period there are Charles Marriot's MODERN MOVEMENTS IN PAINTING (Scribners), Clive Bell's LANDMARKS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY PAINTING (Harcourt, Brace) and his SINCE CÉZANNE (Harcourt, Brace), and for the United States Suzanne La Follette's ART IN AMERICA which, originally published by Harpers, has just been taken over into the White Oak Library by W. W. Norton & Co. Nor should N. E. M. fail to read the portions dealing with the nineteenth century in Vernon Parrington's MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGHT (Harcourt, Brace). Well, we're fully aware that we've hardly scratched the surface of the literature on the last century, but perhaps the book we have mentioned will serve as a starting point for further exploration.

N. E. M. inquires also as to a literary correspondence course that would suggest reading matter, criticize it, and ask for a summary upon it. The Columbia University Home Study courses include just the sort of instruction she desires. A circular can be had on request.

THE MIDDLE AGES IN ROMANCE

G. H. B. of Norfolk, Va., wishes in addition to the titles of books on ancient Greece and Rome which we gave here last week those of works bearing on the medieval period. He is particularly interested in romances depicting the Middle Ages.

Since we have already mentioned in replying to the first part of his question a number of histories treating medievalism from the factual side, we shall confine ourselves here to the fiction which G.H.B.,Jr., desires. As a prelude to later works he might start with the volume in Everyman's Library (Dutton), containing F.W.Burdillon's translation of the famous Provençal romance of the twelfth century, AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE. It appears here in English version together with other medieval romances and legends. Having broken ground in this way he would undoubtedly want to pass on to George Moore's rendering of another famous romance, that of HELOISE AND ABELARD. His novel of that title (Boni) sketches in the background with meticulous exactitude; it is packed with detail of the period and is a vivid recreation of the external aspects of the time. Just recently there has appeared another version of the Abelard story in Helen Waddell's PETER ABELARD (Holt), a novel that follows very close to history in its selection of incident. It, too, has a carefully drawn setting and recaptures at times the aspect of a lost age. Of Scott's novels—surely the greatest of all repre-sensations of medieval times—there is little need to make mention. Everybody, even in this day when so many idols have been dethroned, has read at least IVANHOE, and knows in what gallant guise Richard Cœur de Lion, Robin Hood, and jolly Friar Tuck appear in its pages. And THE TALISMAN, too, which leaves Richard so much less admirable a character than IVANHOE did, must surely have whetted an appetite for historical study in many of the present younger generation as well as in their elders. Less familiar, though it, too, had great popularity in its day, is Marion Crawford's VIA CRUCIS, a romance of the Second Crusade in which the leading roles are played by Eleanor of Aquitaine and Bernard of Clairvaux. Bulwer Lytton, we are afraid, has fallen on evil days so far as his popularity is concerned, yet a few of his books still hold public favor. Among them are RIENZI—THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES, a portrayal of the politics of Rome and Italy in 1313-54 during which period Rienzi waged a fight for Italian freedom and unity, and THE LAST OF THE BARONS, a tale of Warwick the Kingmaker and his strife with Edward IV. The Battle of Barnet plays a part in the story. One more book we must mention before we close, a novel published only a few weeks ago, THE FOOL OF VENUS (Covici-Friede), by M. Coryn. This is an excellent and richly embroidered romance, recounting the adventures of Peire Vidal, a troubadour. Few recent novels have so caught the color and life of the Middle Ages.

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KALEIDOSCOPE

The Play by JACK KIRKLAND, from the Novel by ERSKINE CALDWELL

Before he wrote *God's Little Acre,* Erskine Caldwell had done a novel, also of the poor white South, which though it did not reach as large an audience as *God's Little Acre,* was nevertheless enthusiastically received by the critics. Last December that novel reached Broadway in the form of a play, magnificently adapted by Jack Kirkland. Few recent opening nights have been quite so startling. *Tobacco Road* was a *different* play. At first the audience did not know quite how to receive it; but now, playing well into its fifth month to crowded houses, it has been accepted for what it is, an exciting, compelling and richly humorous play. Many who saw it asked for it in book form. Now it is available to them as well as to those who were unable to see it. $2.00

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Out of the Depths

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT 1932-1933. *Edited by Mary Houston Warren. New York: R. R. Bowker Co.* 1934. $20.

THIS, the thirty-ninth annual unit in a sequence of manuals the usefulness of which increases with each succeeding ordinal, may well grow to be regarded in the years to come as the most essential in the series—assuming for the avoidance rather than for the sake of argument, that there are degrees of essentiality. For the new A. B. P. C. is more than a digest of book-auction prices—it is a chart of the Dead Sea, a meteorological table of the doldrums.

The competent editor of the series is fully alert to the significance of the latest number. Here, declares Miss Warren in a preface that is an admirable summary of the Dark Days, one may learn "just how far price levels gave way in a period of financial stress, what types of books gave ground most and what gave little, what areas of books found most continuing demand when funds for purchase were necessarily so low." Having courageously said the worst, Miss Warren offers two pages of heartening statistics listing dozens of record high prices attained during the year under dissection. And she finds encouragement in the fact that in the new compilation hundreds of titles appear in an auction record for the first time.

This latter fact may prove in time (and no long time at that) to be of more hopeful import than any direct though impressive comparisons of yesterday's prices with day before yesterday's. A spirit of independence is making itself felt in the world of collectors, and in that spirit inheres the whole justification for collecting. The collector who merely follows the beaten path is gradually being outmoded, and mode is as formidable an influence in book-collecting as in hair-dressing. Will next year's A. B. P. C. also record hundreds of items not previously listed in auction records? Judging by so much of the new season as is already history, one assumes little risk in lining up with the ayes.

J. T. W.

Trollope on Hunting

HUNTING SKETCHES. By Anthony Trollope. Introduction by James Boyd. Drawings by Robert Ball. New York: The Gosden Head. 1934.

THE Harbor Press has produced, for the Gosden Head, a neat and fitting volume of Trollope's hunting sketches. Typographically the book suggests the Victorian era in a fitting way—pages of a chaste roman type, surrounded by border rules, and decorated with initials and sketches suggestive of lithography, end papers of hunting scenes, and a binding such as befits the time.

This is the first illustrated edition of Trollope's hunting sketches, and is a pleasant addition to that growing number of books printed in America for the sportsman's library.

R.

On Incunabula

THE STUDY OF INCUNABULA. By Konrad Haebler. Translated by Lucy E. Osborne, with an introduction by A. W. Pollard. New York: The Grolier Club. 1934.

THE author of this book is one of the leading European bibliographers, first head of the *Kommission für den Gesamtkatalog der Wiegendrucke,* author of "Typenrepertorium der Wiegendrucke" and of important books on early printing in Spain and Portugal. The book is a translation of his "Handbuch der Inkunabelkunde" (Leipzig, 1925), which in its turn was originally a series of lectures given by Dr. Haebler in Berlin in 1923.

The general purpose of the lectures was to serve as an introduction to the study of incunabula, and to this end the author, from the wealth of his experience with early printed books, has summarized the present state of knowledge of the subject. Forty pages are devoted to the meaning, history, and literature; seventy-five to the make-up of the book; and one hundred and fifty to the technical aspects of printing and publishing. Obviously, within such narrow limits there cannot be a very full treatment of any phase of incunabula, but there is a satisfactory statement of the general problems, ranging from the question as to the exact time limits of the incunabula period to all the intimate details of the printed page.

The book as a whole is clearly written, and with admirable succinctness. As an elementary treatise for the student of incunabula, it will have immediate value, but as a handbook of incunabula it is of course too condensed and too general.

One curious error must be noted. On page 47 there is reference to the watermark as a "wire figure fixed in the network of the deckle." The deckle, of course, has no network: it is merely an open frame placed on the mould as it is dipped into the vat. The network of wire is on the *mould.*

The printing of the volume by the Harbor Press is clear, simple, and dignified, with paper, type, and binding all well selected.

R.

Chinese Poetry

ONE HUNDRED NAMES. A Short Introduction to the Study of Chinese Poetry. With translations by Henry H. Hart. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1933. $2.50.

A trim little book, carefully edited and as carefully printed: introduction, translations, bibliography, and three indices, making a handbook of information about Chinese poetry.

R.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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NO "HIGHBROW," but young man, 20, "artistic temperament," breaking his heart in large city with uncongenial job. Ambition: leisure to enjoy books and Nature—in New England. Henry Ryecroft.

ASIATIC Picture Expedition wants travel writer seeking fame, fortune. Payne, Box 707, Red Bluff, California.

VETERAN desires acquaintance cultured actress, about 27, in New York. Box 629.

IS THERE a refreshing community in such vicinities as Westport or Cos Cob where two girls can rendezvous inexpensively? Tennis and swimming facilities. No commercialized projects. A home owner—some kindred spirit—or what ideas have you? Box 630.

CHICAGO, North Shore Mesdames, Messieurs: Economical dinners for epicures prepared in your kitchen by Northwestern graduate desiring to cook her way through six weeks' summer school. Have you a room for me in return? Discriminating references—culinary, moral. Box 631.

PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN, well educated, cultured, intelligent, widely traveled, expert chauffeur, swimming, tennis, fencing, drama and music, secretary, companion, tutor or assist young man during summer or week-ends; educational, recreational and social program. Will travel. Box 632.

YOUNG MAN, 25, college trained, desires to know young lady, intelligent and adjustable. Box 633.

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WANTED—New York advertising man (white) wishes to take to dinner earthly, wise and mildly refined woman; 35-43, 103-133 pounds, with dark eyes and hair. Culture not too important, but should be able to read and write. Box 637.

MALE 28—Finds old-fashioned stays unable to cope with modern sways. Desires creative work enough to stop dry-rot of mind and money enough to keep bodies of wife and son from wasting away. Suggestions solicited if no capital investment required. Bootblack to President ideas hold no appeal. Box 638.

YOUNG LADY, lovely voice, exchange vocal lessons for piano accompaniment. Cultured gentleman, 35-40. New York vicinity. Box 639.

WANTED—Intelligent information regarding First Century Christian Fellowship (Oxford Group). Box 640.

COLLEGE GIRL, 19, fond of children, wishes summer position as companion to only child. Box 641.

DO YOU EVER get a longing for some good old-fashioned Black Walnuts? If so, you can get the meats, fresh cracked and from the Shenandoah valley of Virginia, five-pound lots, $2.50, two pounds, $1.25. Post-paid. Payment in ten days will be satisfactory. Box 642.

SPINSTER OF SCIENCE, twenty-three, quiet, well-bred, easy to look at, fairly intelligent, Yankee, broke. Education literary, tastes artistic. Unusual eyesight, manual dexterity. Adaptable. Can cook, can sew, can learn. Can't canvass or evade the law. Wants job. What have you? Box 643.

E. I. J. Received enjoyable letters too late. Please write again. Sonia.

BOOKS—Private party wishes to dispose of following items all in mint condition: Anthony Adverse, d. w., autographed by author, $5.00; Philip the King, Masefield, Ltd. signed ed., $7.50; Passions Spin the Plot, Ltd. d. w., signed ed., $7.50; Men Without Women, no d. w., $7.50; In Our Time, with d. w., $12.00. Separately as a lot, $35.00. Box 644.

YOUR POETRY criticized free; suggestions. Torndorf.

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BIRD LOVER or builder! Plot 200x500, with birches and brook, all improvements. Bargain. West Springfield, Mass. Box 645.

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LATEST COMPLETE. Versification course, only $2.50. Free circular. Anton Romatka, 6 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

IN RANDOLPH, N. H., foot of White Mts., small new bungalow, furnished; living room with fireplace; bathroom, bedroom, kitchen; porch, electric lights. Address, V. D. Lowe, Randolph, N. H.

W. J. D. call for another letter at S. S. Company under same initials. It will explain. E. F.

WANTED—Two 3-room apartments or one with five or six, near West End B. M. T., clean, well-heated, quiet, with Christians. Please state rent, describe fully. "Gentilla."

STENOGRAPHER, young, good experience, education, etc., wants job. Box 649.

ARE YOU GOING abroad this summer? Do you want a cheerful companion with a pleasant reading voice? Or, do you want a trustworthy, capable companion for your children—one who will be indefatigable in answering questions while you quietly enjoy yourself? Woman teacher of thirty-four, experienced and especially successful with adolescents, seeks summer position. Michigan.

MEDICAL STUDENT, ex-college prof., financially unable to complete studies. Classes end May 12. Suggestions??? Box 647.

INVENTOR, holding valuable patents and copyrights, has interesting proposition for writer or group willing to finance working model. Box 646.

HIGH SCHOOL English teacher, college graduate, desires summer work; tutor, companion, assistant, clerical work, most anything. Knowledge of typing. Pleasing personality. Box 648.

SHUT-IN, who has lived in Haiti and thinks it the most beautiful country in the world, would welcome correspondence with someone who has lived in Haiti or elsewhere in tropics. Tropics.

WOMAN of moderate intelligence, talents, desires intermittent contact with three well-informed women to discuss vital topics and indulge in constructive criticism. Address XYZ.

COLLEGE STUDENT, pre-med, English honors, wishes summer position. Tutor, companion, manual labor, or what you will. 326 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS DEPARTMENT for your publication. TB convalescent, talented handwriting analyst; former magazine editor, copywriter. Would appreciate opportunity conduct handwriting department or other writing-editorial work. Your analysis for page writing and dollar bill. J. P. L., 2046 N. Dayton St., Phoenix, Arizona.

ALICE in search of the Mad Hatter—for conversation and exploration. New York City.

Book Code Signed

(*Continued from page 648*)

trade books not only removes competition for the regular bookseller; it does so, quite as directly, for the book clubs, the remainder outlets, and the rental libraries. Stimulation of business in these three lines is on the cards. This raises an important question for authors, since the increase of rental library business does not add proportionally to royalties. It is quite possible for 40,000 people to read 800 copies of a book, the author's royalty remaining the same as if only 800 people had bought it in bookshops. This is admittedly an extreme figure; most books will not stand up for fifty readings. And the tendency will be somewhat counterbalanced if the number of rental libraries continues to increase. If rental library business increases out of proportion to book sales, the result will not be harmful to booksellers who maintain rental libraries, but it will work against the benefits of the booksellers' code to authors and publishers.

The chief consideration for the reader is that the Consumers' Advisory Board, after opposing book price maintenance, has given its approval. The support of this board is *prima facie* evidence that in the long run the booksellers' code will be beneficial to the general public. They have approved price maintenance only in special cases, and on strong grounds. In the dry-cleaning code, their approval was based on the necessity to maintain wages; in the book code, on the vital part played by the bookstore in the cultural and educational life of the community. No one who heard the Consumers' Board representative at the February 3 hearing, no one who has followed the Board's activities (as reported, for instance, in the *New York Herald-Tribune* of March 5, 1934) could question that they have come to this decision only after the most careful scrutiny of the facts.

If the code clears up what promised to become a serious condition of demoralization in the book business, that also is to the benefit of both author and book buyers. The extent to which books have been used as a football in price wars has given a misleading impression. To cite one instance familiar to the trade, a Brooklyn department store, during the week-end of March 10, 1934, advertised Sinclair Lewis's "Work of Art" for sale at $1.44. This was a $2.50 book, for which regular bookstores were *paying* at least $1.50 a copy. Where did the department store's margin come from? Publishers' discounts vary with quantity, but only in relatively narrow limits. There can be no doubt that many losses on cut-price books have been charged to advertising, and paid for out of sales, at profit, of other articles. If a few customers have managed to beat the game, the effect as a whole has been misleading to the public.

If the code leads to the establishment of more and better bookstores, efficiently operated for the intelligent service of the customer, this will be a benefit to the public. If it leads to lax methods and inefficiency, it will not. There is no doubt that some department stores have given service equal in quality and helpfulness to that of any bookstore. Macy's book department has been particularly noted in this respect. It must also be remembered that existing booksellers have largely learned efficiency during the depression, as a result of keen price-cutting competition—because they had to.

As we have indicated, there is not much danger of a higher price level for books as a result of the booksellers' code. (Whether a higher price level will follow the Graphic Arts Code remains to be seen, and is another story. At present the scale of manufacturers' prices adopted in this code has been suspended.) Some members of the reading public may overlook the multitude of considerations involved, and leap to the conclusion that they are being bilked. It must be firmly pointed out that the failure to obtain a special privilege, in discounts off list prices or otherwise, does not constitute being bilked.

These are the main considerations involved in the booksellers' code for the book reader. The questions raised can probably not be answered for several months. Meanwhile a big question has remained unspoken: has the booksellers' code brought an end to the thirty years' war for price control? Or is it the beginning of a new system in book distribution? No one can answer. No one can say what effect this code will have on seasonal methods of publishing (more books crowded into the spring season, or vice versa); or on book-buying (will people wait six months for a 34% discount?) The list price system is not the rock of ages; it is almost peculiar to the book trade. Most other articles are sold by manufacturers to retailers at a flat invoice cost, the retailer assuming responsibility for mark-up, i. e., selling price. The application of this system to books looks now like an improbable eventuality; but stranger things have happened. If the code-makers have guessed wrong—if the booksellers' code leads to a serious falling-off in the book business, instead of the expected stimulus—many cherished institutions may go by the board.

To return to actualities, however: the passage of the booksellers' code means one thing surely. The Consumers' Board and the NRA have become convinced of the peculiar, the unique character of the book business. It may be a small business, but it is important, and it works like no other. Once more the fundamental belief of bookmen—the one point on which all publishers and all booksellers will agree—is vindicated: the book business, my friends, is different.

Trade Winds

☞To the book trade, the signing of the code is the biggest thing that ever happened. And the book trade knows that there are three men to whom the credit is due: Cedric Crowell of the Doubleday shops, Frank Magel of Putnam's, President of the A. B. A., and Richard F. Fuller of the Old Corner, Boston. But nobody who missed the February 3 hearing could possibly know how much work these three men have actually done. At least two of them have been in Washington every week since February 3; Dick Fuller estimates that he has traveled 15,000 miles on the code. They have only one cause for regret, only one failure. The government wouldn't let them read into the minutes of the hearing Ogden Nash's epic poem, "The Booksellers'-Dutch Treat," remembered as the feature of last year's convention.

Booksellers Hail Code

By LOUIS GREENFIELD

LOUD huzzas rang throughout the bookshops when retail booksellers were officially notified that the National Recovery Administration approved the book-selling retail code.

A hurried survey by the *Review* of many New York shops revealed unanimous satisfaction with the code, and many of the booksellers are looking forward to a gradual increase in book sales. In this survey, however, the writer found only one bookseller who immediately abided by the decision of the Administration and remarked his prices accordingly.

"The new price code has our heartiest approval," said Mr. Eastman Brown, manager of Dauber and Pine, 66 Fifth Ave.

"We've sold books at less than publishers' prices for the past three years only because we were compelled to by those department stores who have been slashing book prices to almost nothing. . . . The story now is a different one. On Saturday when we were first notified of the change we put the code into immediate effect."

Mr. Arthur Brentano, Jr., manager of Brentano's, said the new retail book code means "the salvation of the book business." Mr. Brentano looks forward to an increase in the retail book trade, particularly in popular items.

Asked about the six-months clause which prevents booksellers from cutting prices before that time, Mr. Brentano believes it a liberal one.

The Washington Square Bookshop on West 8th Street took the news jubilantly. "We look forward to an increase in business," said Mr. Horton. "Many of our evening customers are mainly library clients. Some of them are book purchasers, but withhold their purchase till the next day when they are able to dash down to those stores who were selling under publishers' prices. Our book purchases will be increased and the general effect upon the entire industry will be healthful."

"It was with the liveliest feelings of joy and satisfaction that we heard of the signing of the Retail Booksellers Code on Friday the 13th of April," say Miss Anderson and Miss Fleming of the Channel Book Shop. "There is no doubt that Mrs. Roosevelt by her courageous coming out on the side of the small bookshops and sending to the press a statement of their dilemma and her point of view about the justice of their cause did the whole book trade an incalculable service."

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*

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Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*

. . . OGDEN NASH, *murderer of the King's English, hammer of fools, and biographer of* FOUR PROMINENT SO AND SO'S

After enjoying an under-cover speak-easy circulation in typewritten form [first edition carbon copies will make the ROSENBACHS of 2034 A. D. swoon with ecstasy] the famous and Rabelaisian quartet by OGDEN NASH, first published in amended form in *Happy Days*, is now released on its own, full strength, under the title *Four Prominent So-and-So's.*

This is the crushing answer to an insolent query which has been flung at Your Correspondents ever since that slightly mutilated classic appeared last year: "*Are ye mice or men?*"

The answer is "MEN!" and the price is two bits at most bookstores or direct from *The Inner Sanctum.*

This twenty-five cent publication of *Four Prominent So-and-So's* is a genuine first edition OGDEN NASH item, embellished with music by ROBERT ARMBRUSTER, pictures by LITTLE MAN SOGLOW and an erudite introduction by WILLIAM SOSKIN, who quite properly points out that this "fierce and forthright anthem . . . is a genuine and authentic contribution to American folk song."

"*. . . The madam was a lady, and a credit to her cult.*"

"I'm a debit to my country but a credit to my dad,
The most expensive senator the nation ever had;
I remember daddy's warning that raping is a crime
Unless you rape the voters a million at a time."

Inasmuch as *The Inner Sanctum* hasn't staged a contest or reader-response survey for a long time, this seems the logical moment to offer a free autographed copy of any one of OGDEN NASH'S immortal masterpieces [*Hard Lines, Free Wheeling*, or *Happy Days*] for the wittiest four-line poem acclaiming the publication of *Four Prominent So-and-So's.* Address entries directly to *The Inner Sanctum* within a week from the day this column appears.

The two N's are beginning to click, and in no small way—*Nijinsky*, a biography of "the eighth wonder of the world" by his wife, ROMOLA NIJINSKY . . . and the *New Dealers* by the UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER . . . they are both outstanding best-sellers and fighting bravely for leadership on the best-seller list in general literature, not far behind a Viking Press entry, *While Rome Burns* by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, and *The Native's Return* by LOUIS ADAMIC (Harper's), two other books strongly recommended by those unofficial observers of the noun-and-adjective traffic—

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She has written

the book everyone sometime longs to write . . .

Selma Lagerlöf's

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD

Is there anyone who has not sometime in his life yearned to re-capture in lasting words the beauty and the imagination and the crystal magic of childhood?—who has not longed to experience again, unblurred by the years, the joys and the terrors and the exuberant flexibility of youth?

Now—with classic detachment—the first woman to win the Nobel Prize has written just such a book—the rich, glowing story of a little girl in Sweden, who was herself. Here are memories which, though they begin with the return of ten-year-old Selma Lagerlöf to Mårbacka, with city airs and a marvellous Stockholm accent, are universal in their appeal—parallel to the recollections of all childhood, in all nations.

Few foreign authors have so completely endeared themselves to the American public, for few have written with the rich coloring, the love of land, the delicate mysticism, the idealism, the romance of Miss Lagerlöf. Beloved of two generations of readers she has given us such children's classics as THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS, such great novels as THE STORY OF GÖSTA BERLING, THE EMPEROR OF PORTUGALLIA. Yet in the body of her work she has not created a book more steeped in sheer enchantment, ranging as it does from the gayety and poignancy of *Little Women* to the haunting fascination of Grimm's Fairy Tales. ($2.50)

How many of the books of Selma Lagerlöf have you read? Here is a checklist of titles which are always in demand at bookshops:

THE STORY OF GÖSTA BERLING. Miss Lagerlöf's great first novel, built on Swedish legends. Mårbacka Edition 2.50

THE EMPEROR OF PORTUGALLIA. A romance of old Sweden.... 2.00

MARBACKA. An autobiography. Mårbacka Edition 2.50

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